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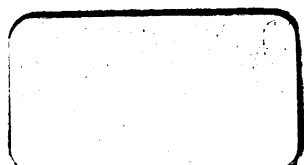
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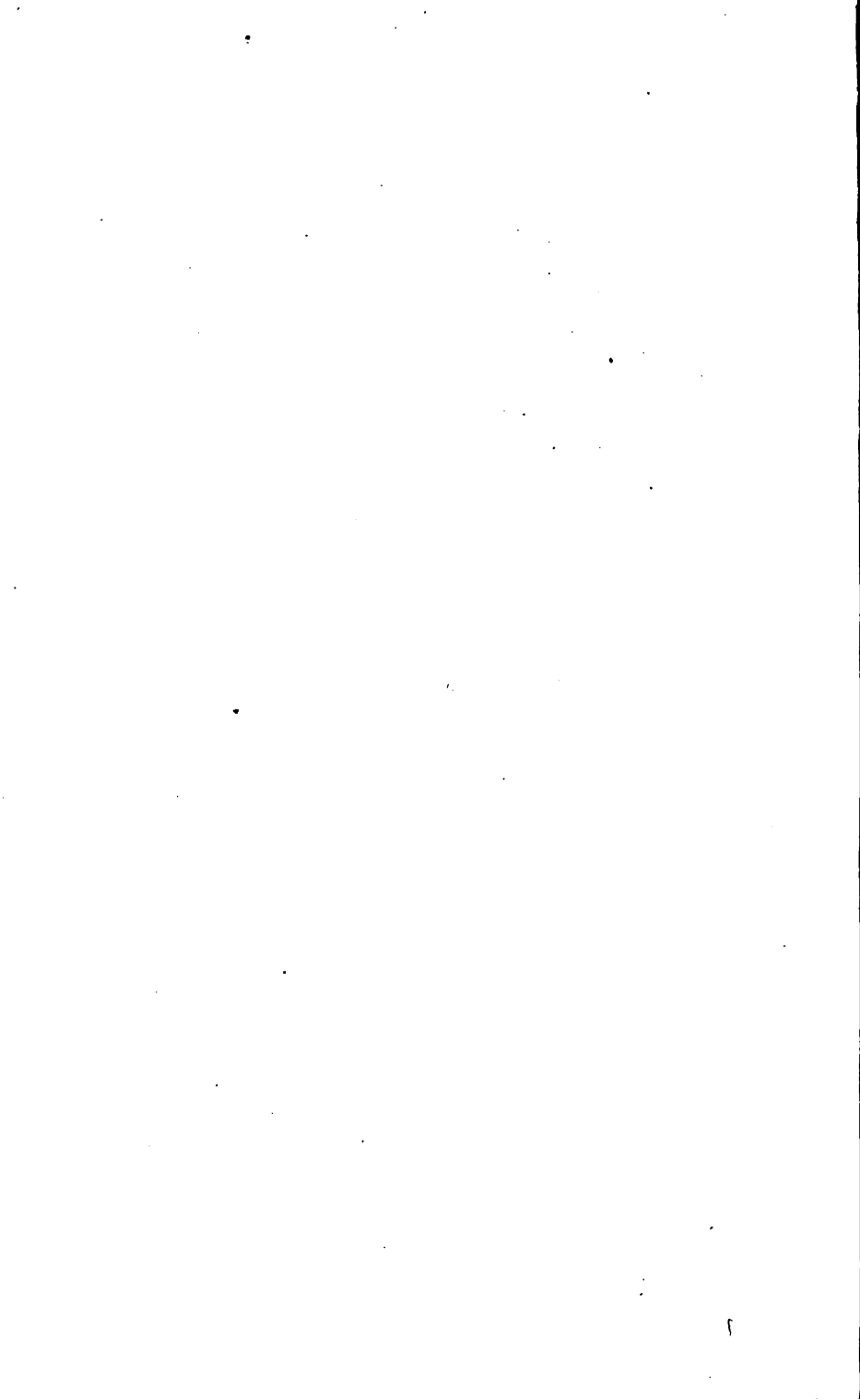


C P W
Smith



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CPW
Smith



Journal,

§c. §c.



Anrietta Caldwell

JOURNAL

OF

A R A M B L E

IN

SCOTLAND.

"O NATURE! A' THY SHEWS AN' FORMS
"TO FEELING, PENSIVE HEARTS HAE CHARMS!
"WHETHER THE SIMMER KINDLY WARMS
 "WI' LIFE AN' LIGHT,
"OR WINTER HOWLS, IN GUSTY STORMS,
 "THE LANG DARK NIGHT!"

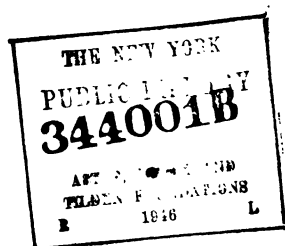
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1835.

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PREFACE.

Whenever my good fortune has led me to travel, for the first time, through an interesting country, I have generally contrived to record at night the principal reflections which I have made, and the information which I have acquired, in the course of the day. This is a task, which, if executed faithfully, demands more perseverance than can readily be imagined by one who has never attempted it: fatigue, want of time, and a certain disinclination for exerting the mental

A Review of the 27 August 1814

energies, crying often and loudly for delay. The pleasure, however, of reading over these rough notes at some distant period, and of thus re-painting upon the tablet of the mind the scenes and transactions which they delineate, has far more than repaid me for my persevering industry. I cannot, of course, hope that a perusal of them will impart to others the distinct conceptions, and agreeable associations, which I myself derive from them; yet I am flattered into the belief that they will not be destitute of interest, nor altogether devoid of instruction, to many of my friends, for whom alone I commit them to the press. They were written generally within a few hours, and (with the ex-

ception of the portion which relates to Edinburgh,) always within a day or two, of the occurrences which they describe ; so that in the hurry of writing many inaccuracies or inelegances of language, and many crude or trivial ideas may have crept in ; but some atonement for these may, perhaps be found in the superior boldness and truth attendant on this rapid mode of composition. I have resolved, therefore, to give them to the reader precisely as they were written, without any further curtailment, addition, or alteration, than a respect for the feelings of individuals necessarily demands.

The reader should be informed that,

in my late expedition, the scenery of Scotland was to me the principal attraction; and perhaps he may think that my descriptions of it are too numerous and too minute. To this I may reply, with all due civility, that I journalized for myself, and not for him; and that I never entertained the slightest notion of printing till I reached Edinburgh. The contemplation of Nature, in her wildest grandeur, or most finished beauty, has ever been to me a source of exquisite and indescribable gratification; and I have always, therefore, taken delight in transferring to paper, both with my pencil and my pen, such rude sketches as might suffice to recall any scene partaking of either of these characters. I

can, at this moment, command pictures of many a Swiss and Italian landscape, not suspended in frames of gold, but lurking in what to others would be nothing more than a worthless etching, or an uninteresting sentence.

I had collected a few notes relating to Highland manners, and at one time had some thoughts of framing out of them a kind of supplement to this journal; but every thing of this nature has long been placed within the reach of all, and I cannot do better than refer any one desirous of information on the subject to Johnson's Tour. As I have principally dwelt upon the natural beauties of Scotland, I rarely come into col-

lision with the learned Doctor, who had by his own confession, more relish for the scenery of Fleet Street, than for that of the most romantic lands.

After all I have said, it will not be imagined that I set myself up as a guide to the Tourist: I travelled only where inclination directed, and often recorded only what was dictated by caprice. By far the best Guide to the Highlands is that published by the brothers Anderson,—a work of great learning, labour, and accuracy, and an indispensable acquisition to the inquiring traveller. I found “Chambers’ Walks in Edinburgh” a very instructive and amusing companion in that city; many

parts of which were also highly illustrated by the poems of Fergusson. I have purposely quoted from these last, at some length, in order to direct attention to writings which possess great merit, and are comparatively unknown in England.

C. Desmond Smith

Shurdington.



JOURNAL,

&c. &c.

I arrived at Liverpool on the 15th of August, and after seeing the Exchange and a few of the principal streets of this noble city, I repaired to the Dock-yards—an inexhaustible scene of amusement. What multitudes of ships and men! What stores of sugar and wool! What long lines of ample warehouses!—The activity, the vital energy, of this queen of commercial cities, is truly wonderful. Some vessels are being stripped of their precious freights, while fresh ventures of merchandise are being consigned to the bowels of others. Part are undergoing repairs—the carpenters and blacksmiths being busy on their decks; and part of them, by the excellent order of their tackle, indicate a readiness to brave at once the ‘billows and the breeze.’ On the Quay, the exciseman is weighing, in gigantic scales, the huge bales in succession; and the gauger,

with his arithmetical rod, is probing the casks of sugar. All is life and spirit, and motion : no idleness, and no repose.

At three o'clock, I entered the *City of Glasgow* Steamer—a beautiful boat—which, after a very awkward exit through the narrow lock, moved along the smooth waters most majestically. The *Manchester*, a rival packet, followed us immediately. About dusk, as we were passing the Isle of Man, I was much amused in watching the beautiful phosphoric lights brightening among the agitated waves below us—evanescent sparklings that reminded me of the glow-worm's lamp of love. All at once I saw some brilliant blue lights, from the deck of the *Manchester*, and on asking our helmsman what they meant, he said they were signals to another vessel, which was certainly bearing towards them, but was much more distant than we were. I have since learned that this was a signal of great distress, and that we ought immediately to have put about and helped them. It appeared that one of their engines gave way, and for some time they were in momentary expectation of being blown up ; but at last they contrived to clear away the broken engine, and work the vessel with the sound one, the calmness of the weather being highly favorable to them, in this disabled situation. My berth was in the fore-cabin, and I retired to it at ten o'clock ; but, for all the sleep I had, I might just as well have staid on deck. It was so small that

I could but just lie down in it—an admirable fit!—and then the incessant jolting of the engines, the roll of the vessel, the rumbling of ropes and tackle above, and the coughing, snoring, and restlessness of my very near neighbours around, all together compounded such a distracting confusion of noises, that even Morpheus himself would have been bothered out of his sleep.

August 16. — Understanding that it rained very hard, and that nothing was to be seen, though we were so near Ailsa Craig, I did not think it worth while to turn out of my berth till six o'clock. The mist and rain continued till we arrived at Greenock, so that I saw nothing of the fine scenery of the Clyde.

As I entered the inn, the White Hart, all the good citizens were going to kirk, and if my coat had not unfortunately been wet through my portmanteau, which had stood on the deck, I should have gone too; but I was told that it would be scarcely decent to appear there in a shooting-jacket. Now that the people are in the kirk, the town looks like a desert, not a soul stirring, and the very dogs having gone to kennel. And the same silence and stillness continues till the evening kirk is past, as it is thought improper to walk about between whiles.

In the afternoon, a discussion took place among four or five of us, with respect to infant baptism. A

gentleman who had gone over from our Church to that of the Baptists, maintaining the unlawfulness of it. I never heard any discussion, still less a religious one, carried on with so much temper and gentleness. Of course, we all ended with being of precisely the same opinion as when we started the subject.

August 17.—The same disagreeable small rain. I left Greenock, at nine, by the steamer, which traverses Loch Long and Loch Goyle. At the head of this last, we found a coach waiting to convey us on to St. Katherine's Ferry. The distance is about eight miles, through a fine Pass, of which, as well as of the Loch scenery, we saw nothing, in consequence of the weather. The road is very hilly and bad, severe work for these poor tired horses. The ferry-boat conveyed us across Loch Fine to Inverary. Though the sky has cleared a little since I have been here, I am very much disappointed at present; however, with such a gloomy atmosphere around me, and a prospect not much more cheerful within, I am, perhaps, incapable of giving an impartial opinion: I therefore, for the present, suspend my judgment.

The Castle of Inverary, which I have visited, is undoubtedly ugly: an uniform, modern castle, with all the clumsiness, but none of the real strength of a proper castle; built with a slaty blue stone, and surrounded with formal laurels, low and regular, disposed in the

shape of a geometrical labyrinth. The interior contains very commodious apartments : in the hall are ranged, in circular form, a quantity of guns and bayonets that were used in the '45. The Flemish tapestry in the bed-rooms is worth noticing, and the Parisian tapestry in the drawing-room is really superb. I now passed through the grounds, which are clothed with trees, and intersected by the course of the Aray, a clear mountain stream, from which the town takes its name ; and then ascended Dunaquaich, a beautiful mountain, most romantically clothed with wood, from the summit of which there is a grand prospect. But these envious clouds !

Strolling along the banks of the Loch, I fell in with the man who rents the Salmon Fishery. He says that the fish come up in shoals, headed by a leader who may always be seen sporting at the surface of the water, or throwing himself out of it. I saw two or three of these adventurous admirals at the head of their squadrons, while I was walking with the lessee. When they reach the top of the Loch, they usually turn and coast along the sides, so as to fall into the nets spread for them. The Herring Fishery, which is peculiarly fine in this water, has been very inferior in its produce this year, as to quality and quantity. The steamers are supposed to injure the Fisheries materially.

August 18.—Set out with four other gentlemen for

Oban, through Dalmally. As we approached the head of Loch Awe, the scenery became magnificent, but unfortunately it was much concealed by the clouds. Perhaps, however, we were in some measure compensated for this concealment by the strange and magic lights and shades thrown upon the prominences and hollows of the mountains.—The isles in Loch Awe are beautiful, some clothed with graceful trees, and some adorned with monastic ruins. But the finest object that presented itself was Kilburn Castle, seated on a rocky prominence that overhangs the loch. The effect of this time-worn, massive, and deeply-shaded edifice in the midst of the bright waters, with the heather-stained hills and blue mountains beyond, was most imposing.

We continued to skirt the base of the enormous Ben Cruachan, commanding, throughout, enchanting prospects, and at length following the course of the Awe, came in sight of Loch Etive. The character of its scenery is extremely wild and solitary on all sides, and the view towards Ben Cruachan is sublime.

Two miles beyond Connel Ferry, on a jutting promontory, is seated Dunstaffnage Castle, a very interesting ruin which I hope to say something more of by and bye.

Just as we were descending to Oban, we perceived the smoke of the Staffa steam-boat, by which we had

intended to visit that Island, ascending above the hill, in front of us ; we were just one quarter of an hour too late, a sad disappointment to my companions. I fully meant to proceed at once in an open boat, but unluckily I had not strength of body enough to weather out a night's sail, having taken a severe cold. The next boat does not sail till three days hence, and the beds at the Inn here are all bespoken to-morrow, in consequence of the boat-races. I must therefore retire again to Inverary where I have left my portmanteau.

August 19.—Mounted the coach at ten o'clock, and retraced my steps back as far as Taynuilt along the shore of Loch Etive. On the opposite coast is the residence of Gen. Campbell, the proprietor of this territory, and, what is of infinitely more interest to me, a neat white church sleeping among the quiet woods with not a house visible for miles around it. One wonders how so desolate a region as this can possibly supply a congregation, but I understand that people attend from immense and almost incredible distances. There it stands upon the dreary shore, peacefully rearing its slender spire among the stunted trees that surround it, a temple in a desert ! And what spot more appropriate could be selected, from which to send up homage from the creature to the Creator ? In these vast and trackless regions man is nothing, and can scarcely imprint one trace of his existence upon the huge mountains that surround him ; but God—the everlasting—it is He who

poised them by the ocean side, and robbed their summits with clouds and storms!

Again I passed Dunstaffnage Castle, and again I admired its venerable form, which now appeared more commanding from the tide being out. Flocks of voracious crows were seeking a meal on the dripping beach, and the gull was keeping stirless but eager watch for his prey upon some rock that had just emerged from the sea; while a solitary heron lazily flapped his way just above the surface of the water. The road which we are traversing must have been extremely expensive on account of the difficulty of making a firm foundation on these bogs and moors. Great quantities of peat are dug in the month of May; it is spread on the ground, turned two or three times, and by the end of August it is sufficiently dried and fit for the stack. They make charcoal here also to supply the smelting furnace at Bunaw, where there are iron works. These are very valuable, and have made the fortunes of the present lessees who have held a large tract of waste land of the Campbell family on a 90 years lease now near expiring—their rent was about £200; the land is now worth £3000, from the abundance of ore which it produces.

Leaving Taynuilt, we wound along the banks of a rapid stream at the bottom of a romantic glen; the mode in which the hills that skirted it were wooded,

reminded me very much of Tyrolean scenery. Near the highest point there is a small heap of stones rudely thrown together, called the Exciseman's Cairn. It seems that a collision took place here between this officer and the peasants who used him with great cruelty, cutting off his ears and nose. It is customary with the Scots to hand down the memory of any remarkable transaction by these rude cairns or monuments, every passenger adding a stone to the heap; but in spite of their pious labours the pyramid seldom rises to any great height, being subject to be knocked down by cattle, and to other accidents.

At Kilchrenan we left the coach and were ferried across Loch Awe, to Port Sonachan, where another coach awaited us. The view towards the head of Loch Awe was majestic, and the weather was now so far improved as to leave little else to desire. The heights of Ben Cruachan were occasionally revealed, his canopy of clouds constantly shifting both in form and position. Gleams of sunlight ever and anon found their way to the mountains, and imparted to those which remained in shade a still more gloomy hue. The effect of changing the light is really magical: it is like shifting the scenes of a Theatre. We soon arrived at the top of Glenary, where, according to our coachman, one gains a true idea of Burke's sublime and beautiful. I do not altogether coincide with him of the whip in this opinion, for the scene is too barren and lonely to excite

any idea of the beautiful—sublime, however it truly is, Range succeeding range of heathery mountains, from the near and awful Ben Cruachan to the distant and majestic Ben More, with every gradation of colouring from the greens and browns in the foreground to the misty purple in the distance; the whole scene, too, invested with the most absolute solitude, no trace of animal existence being discernible all around.

I arrived at Inverary at six, and mean to stay here some days, for the Duke of Argyle's grounds are most inviting; and the Argyle Arms is a very comfortable Hotel.

August 20.—This morning by great perseverance I have at last succeeded in purchasing a palette. The vendor a hosier, grocer, &c. &c. has just given up the pursuit of drawing, and is therefore delighted at this opportunity of selling off so capital a portion of his old stock. He says, assizes are held here twice a year, and that there are usually a great number of prisoners; assaults, and sheep stealing, being the most prevalent crimes. The temptations to this last must be very great, when such numerous flocks graze at large upon the mountains; indeed the little animals are so active and graceful in their motions, and so very elegant in their forms, that I am more than half disposed to steal one myself. Accoutred at all points, with pencil,

palette and brush, I sat me down on a rock in the middle of the Ary, and endeavoured to transfer to paper a very lovely scene ; but I did not at all succeed.

In the evening I found the coffee room filled with a very noisy set of people, "bit Glasgow bodies awa on a pleasurin tour." There was one solitary man with a weather stained countenance, who, when I took my seat near him, addressed a few ordinary words to me. I was soon after called away by the waiter to another table where tea was placed for me ; and the weather-beaten man was again left alone. He seemed so utterly abandoned by his kind, that I could not refrain from speaking to him again ; on which he immediately drew his chair to my table, seeming delighted to have a human being to associate with. He said he was just returned from Canada, where he had been residing for the last four years. The Government he described as being in a very unsettled state, on account of the animosity existing between the English and French population. In their House of Assembly, some of the speeches are delivered in French, and some in English. He resided within gun-shot of the American frontier, and spoke in no very measured terms of the American character. It is a frequent practice with them, he says, to get into debt upon the Canada side, and then step over the frontier, and defy their creditors. Mrs. Trollope's book is very little exaggerated, for they have no manners,

and no feeling. They speak of attending an execution as "taking a day's pleasure!" They are utterly selfish, even within the pale of their own family; and when the cholera raged there, many deserted their own parents and brethren. This disease was so destructive that churchyards were covered with dead bodies, for which neither coffins nor graves could be provided. A friend of his was tossed with other carcasses into the general heap, and quicklime was actually strewn over the whole, the poor man being perfectly conscious all the while, but unable to stir: at last he contrived to crawl out, and is now alive and well. Many persons were buried in this horrid and premature way, for the Americans never keep any body for more than a day, a man being good for nothing when he is dead. He told a singular story of three Irishmen, who were seized with cholera when perfectly intoxicated, and were carried in a cart to the sheds erected outside the town for the reception of the sick. The surgeon, who was exhausted with his day's work, said he should not attend to men who had no respect for their own lives; and so having administered medicines to the other patients, he left the Irishmen to their fate. When he returned in the morning, all were dead except the neglected Paddies, who, on seeing the doctor, immediately exclaimed, "When will your honor be ordering us a drop of drink?"—One of the victims of this pestilence was Brandt, the chief of the Huron tribe: he was a fine young man, much beloved by his people, a captain

in the English service, and a descendant of that General Johnson who had such great influence with the Indians. He died as much from drinking as from cholera; and it seems that this fatal habit is destroying numbers of the red people. My new acquaintance stated, that, on arriving at Glasgow, he wished to see three of his friends who were living there when he left Scotland; but, on enquiring, he found that they were all under the sod:—"I am a native," said he, "of this very country, and was born under the sides of Ben Cruachan: I am a true Highlander, and Gaelic is my native tongue. But, though this is my birth-place, I am as much a stranger here as you, who are a Southron. My father and mother died when I was a lad, and I am now alone in the world."—Poor fellow! I pitied him from the very bottom of my soul. Yet he was of a sturdy frame, and seemed fully competent to push on through life without a friend. He afterwards told me, that in Canada he had resided with English people, and, though born a Presbyterian, he had joined our Church, at first from necessity, but since from choice: our funeral service he deeply admired, his own countrymen having nothing of the kind. When we separated, I held out my hand, for which he seemed scarcely prepared; for he shook it very heartily, and said most feelingly—"God bless you!" I involuntarily replied—"Thank you;" and surely a benediction so unsolicited, and so sincere, was a proper subject for gratitude.

August 21.—His Grace's grounds are really most enchanting. I have never seen such a variety of fine timber trees so tastefully disposed. The limes are gigantic; the sycamores, Spanish chesnuts, ash, and beech, are nobly grown. The oaks are not very striking in size, but the firs again are monstrous.

This is the season of hay-harvest, and I observe that here it is made with rakes, as in the South; but in general the people toss it about with their hands. Every little bit of ground on the moors, which has been so fortunate as to possess a natural drainage, is mown with care; and the crop of rush, heath, and grass, when, after a dozen soakings, it is finally dried, is dignified with the name of hay. Yet their horses seem to thrive well too; and I am sure their cattle do—little black sprightly things, the very personifications of health and activity. A young bull that I saw the other day was a perfect picture. I thought very highly of Landseer's "Highland Drovers," before I had seen the animals which he has so faithfully depicted; but my admiration is now still further increased; for I see that it is painted indeed to the life.

August 22.—I walked six or seven miles up the Glen-shira, or Vale of the Silent Stream, and back again, but was scarcely repaid for my trouble; the scenery being merely pretty. My landlord, Mr. McKellar, having been born within it, has very naturally

contracted a great partiality towards it, which leads him to exaggerate its beauties.

In the evening I fell in with a Gloucestershire man, residing in or near Cirencester; of course a magnetic attraction sprung up between us, directly we discovered ourselves to belong to the same county—and such a county! We agreed prodigiously with regard to its merits.

August 23.—I have just returned from kirk, whither I went in company with my Gloucestershire friend. The doors were opened at half-past eleven, and the service began at a quarter before twelve. The clerk took his place first, in a seat that looked like our reading-desk; and then the minister entered the higher one, corresponding to our pulpit. These seats were covered with black cloth, as was also the front of the opposite gallery. The body of the kirk was crowded. The minister opened the service by saying, “Let us begin the worship of this day by singing a portion of the 65th Psalm.” He then read the psalm, and the clerk sang it afterwards—the people joining when he had entered upon the second line of the first verse. The people now all stood up, (having continued to sit during the singing,) and the minister uttered an extempore prayer, offering up praise and glory to God, and invoking His blessing upon the proceedings. A portion of scripture was now read by the minister, be-

ginning Acts xxiv. v. 26. on which he proceeded to comment, and to give, in fact, what we call a sermon. It was extempore, long, and desultory. At the conclusion of it, one of their scripture translations in verse was sung—the people sitting—and then the minister offered another prayer, in which he besought God that the people might be benefitted by that day's service, and prayed Him to bless the King, Royal Family, the Established Churches of the land, and that particular parish and congregation. Then another psalm, and the final blessing, which differed but little from ours. During the prefatory and concluding prayers, the people stood ; all the rest of the time they sat—no kneeling whatever.

Such is the service of the Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland. I went to hear it with a predetermination that I would not allow myself to judge hastily or harshly ; yet my firm conviction is, that in no single respect whatever can it bear a comparison with the service of the Church of England.

In the *first* place, not a line of scripture is read, except for the text. Perhaps it is thought that people may study their bibles at home. But to shew the fallacy of this reasoning, let us put two simple questions : Do all who attend the kirk study the bible at home ?—Are there not some among them who cannot read ?—Until it can be shewn that none of our congregation

neglects the Scriptures, I trust that our church will continue to adopt a portion of them into her services.

In the *second* place, the Scottish Kirk has no Liturgy, for I cannot dignify by such a name the wretched versification of the Psalms which they use so copiously. To me this has always appeared to be the most satisfactory part of our public worship: it is something which one can *depend* upon; and however feeble or incapable the clergyman may be, he cannot prevent us from offering up this noble and affecting homage to God. The ignorant, as well as the learned, are benefitted by it; for while its language is intelligible to the simplest understanding, it cannot fail to satisfy the most refined.

Lastly, let us compare the sermons of the two churches. The comparative merits of these, it may be said, must, of necessity, be determined by the individual talents of the respective preachers. But let it be remembered that the Presbyterian discourses are generally uttered extempore, whilst ours are very rarely, and ought never to be so. I have heard many extempore sermons from clever popular preachers; but never one which I admired throughout; or in which the poorest scholar could not have detected faults of grammar, diction, or argument. Cases in which a man can speak better than he can write, may, by possibility, occur; but such cases must be rare indeed. For

this simple reason, therefore, I think our church has greatly the advantage even in the sermon, which is the Presbyterian's pride.

August 24.—Bade adieu to my countryman, and also to my landlord and his daughter. Mr. McKellar reminds me of the description given by an old historian of a Scotch knight; “he was a handsome man with a broad face, a red nose, and large flat ears; with an awful look when he was displeased.” The little bare-legged Gaels about the town seem to regard him with the most profound veneration, and he stalks among them like a giant.—He is more than six feet high, three feet broad, and as to his legs, which are displayed in tights, I am convinced that if they were seen in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar, they would be taken for the Pillars of Hercules. He has a glance of the eye when pleased, that is inexpressibly droll; and when I said a few civil things of his native Glen-shira, it twinkled preposterously. He promises me a fine day to a certainty; he can always predict the weather, for he has only to send his fleet of geese to the loch-side, and if they put out to sea, it will be fair; if they anchor on shore, it will be rainy. Upon my expressing my satisfaction with his hotel, he said “Well, Sir I doot that’ll be no great compliment, for my dochter says you are easily pleased.” “I am always pleased” I rejoined, “when I meet with civility, and still more when I meet with kindness”—“May you never meet

with any thing less, and God bless you." This is the second benediction I have received. So I bade the old man good bye, and also his little daughter, whom I then saw for the first time. How she could possibly discern the placability of my temper I was at a loss to discover; but I suppose she must have overheard me extolling the beauties of Glen-shira; or perhaps expected that I should have stormed at having been delayed by M'Kellar's horses on Tuesday so as to lose the Staffa boat.

A wretched gig, and worse horse, (whose name I am not likely to forget, as every little ascent elicited it from the driver; "Yep! Jenny, Yep! Jenny!") conveyed me safe to Dalmally; or rather my luggage, for I walked the greater part of the way, both up hill and down, Jenny having no idea of trotting any where but on level ground. Arrived here, I set off after a hasty lunch to see the ruins of Kilchurn Castle, one of the most picturesque in the Highlands. By dint of jumping over rivulets, and wading thro' morasses, I contrived to gain the extremity of the swampy peninsula upon which it stands.—It is an absolute ruin, no trace of any thing remaining but the bare walls, and here and there a recess for a fireplace. Its situation is admirable, elevated on a platform of rock, and commanding beautiful views of Loch Awe and its numerous islands. The square tower, erected by the celebrated Sir Colin

Campbell, founder of the Breadalbane family, is easily distinguishable amid the general ruin.

On the island of Fraoch Elan, very near Kilchurn, are the remains of another Castle ; and those of a third upon the lovely Innis Chonnel, once the residence of the Argyll family. Still another crumbling edifice, sole remnant of a noble Convent, may be seen upon the island of Innis-hail.

This realm would serve for a bridal portion to the haughtiest owl that ever whooped ; for all is desolation and ruin. Shattered towers and ivy-mantled walls, mouldering staircases and dripping vaults, all attest the slow but inevitable encroachments of time. And the gloom and solitude of these decaying stones make a still deeper impression upon the imagination, when one reflects that they were all perhaps existing in their pride and strength at the same æra, and were tenanted by restless and scheming men ; that the clang of armour or the wassail shout echoed along the waters of the Loch, while the bell of vespers swung in the tower of Innis-hail.

From the Castle walls there is a singular and striking view of my old friend Ben Cruachan ; one looks into a vast semicircular crescent scooped out of the bosom of the mountain ; which crescent was now

brilliantly illumined by the sun, while all the rest of his vast form was enshrouded in gloom. I know not how to describe the effect of this immense hollow thus filled with liquid light, better than by saying that it resembled a giant's bowl of sun-beams.

I also visited the Church at Dalmally, or Church of Glenorchy; there are many very ancient tombstones, with warriors in armour carved upon them in the Church-yard. They were brought from Innis-hail, and very probably were intended to be memorials of the mail-clad men who lived and died in the neighbouring fortresses.

August 25.—This has been the worst day's weather I have met with in the Highlands, the rain pouring down in torrents without a moment's cessation. In an open car or cart with springs to the seat, but none to the wheels, I set out for Oban, above twenty-four miles; which journey I accomplished in five hours. Having travelled this road before and sufficiently admired its beauties, I cared but little for the clouds.

As we passed along the shores of Loch Etive, near the Connel Ferry, the tide happened to be out, so that the *marine* cutaract, caused by the narrowing of the opposite rocks of this salt-water loch was in full force.

At Oban I dined with Colonel C., a gentleman of

great property and influence in this neighbourhood, and five or six others, at the Caledonian Hotel; several of them had come hither in order to be present at a great dinner given yesterday to the Member for Argyleshire, all Whigs. At six o'clock the rain still pattering, I walked down to the Staffa boat, having fully resolved to go, be the weather what it would; on reaching the quay, I was given to understand that the Captain would not sail till the next morning, so I had just to walk back again, being thoroughly wet through. The evening however was passed agreeably with Colonel C——, who was well acquainted with America and India; he told me that the red deer are very abundant in his neighbourhood; and that in the winter when the snow is deep, they are often caught in the Isle of Mull exhausted by their efforts to extricate themselves. There were also in the company two young Swiss, very handsome and agreeable men. They were born at Fribourg, in Switzerland, but the elder had resided all his life at Paris; the younger had been a great traveller, and was delighted to meet with a person capable of relishing the sublimities of his native scenery. He sketches admirably. They speak very little English, but French is to them as easy as their native tongue.

August 26.—Rose at five o'clock and went down to the steamer, resolved to visit Staffa, even if I saw nothing. There were very few passengers in consequence of the wretched state of the weather, but my

young Swiss friends were fortunately among the adventurers. I found them throughout the day lively and instructive companions. At six o'clock we left the quay. As we none of us expected any great degree of gratification from the day's trip, we were in the end most agreeably disappointed.

Rain, however, abundant rain, was our portion at first. We could scarcely discern the Isle of Lismore, though we were very near it, "Tradition says, that it was once a deer-forest, and that some of Fingal's huntings took place here. The inhabitants point out Shan-nan-ban-Fioun, the hill of the Fingalian ladies." Entering the sound of Mull we saw on our left the remains of Duart Castle held formerly by the Macleans, upon a fine headland, and further on upon the mainland we passed the ruins of Ardtornish Castle, rendered classic by Sir Walter's Lord of the Isles. Below the Castle is the bay, according to the same authority, where Robert Bruce, with his brother Edward, and sister Isabella, cast anchor after their passage from Ireland. Tobermory on the Isle of Mull, is situated securely at the bottom of a fine bay, in which the Admiral's ship of the Invincible Spanish Armada was blown up, it having been forced to take refuge here by a violent storm.

Steering close to the shores of this Island, admiring its bold and beautifully colored headlands, and leaving some very picturesque and rocky islands to the right, we

at length came in sight of the object so much longed for ; and here, as our good fortune would have it, the rain ceased, and we were enabled to enjoy all the wonders of this most extraordinary spot without a single drawback.

Approaching from the North, there is nothing in the first view of Staffa to elevate it in interest above its neighbours. As we neared it in a boat we began to distinguish the clustered pillars of basalt, small indeed in this quarter, and covered with *patellæ*, *bullæ*, &c. so as to lose a great deal of their effect. But on rounding a projecting point, one commands at once an uninterrupted view of the gigantic columns and fearful recesses of Fingal's cave. The sides of this stupendous cavern are composed of basaltic columns, dark, yet shining from the ocean's spray, arranged in a vertical position with such symmetry, and such variety, that the imagination is vividly impressed with all the harmonies of an architectural perspective. The roof also being formed of horizontal sections of the pillars which are generally pentagonal, has the appearance of being fretted and embossed, while the colours of the stalagmites suspended from its crevices add greatly to the splendour of its decorations. The floor is the green and crystal sea, of a hue indescribably beautiful, and transparent beyond imagination ! In the calmest weather it is ever in motion ; marking, like some mighty pulse, the vibrations of the vast Atlantic. From this circumstance it

derives its Gaelic appellation *Uaimh Binn*, or the musical cave.

Our boats entered with perfect safety, there not being a breath of wind; and I was the first to spring upon the rock and scramble to the end of the cave along a line of broken columns forming a tolerable pathway for those who are not subject to giddiness. At the extremity of the cave then, at a considerable height, and quite alone, I watched the party carefully passing to the rocks from the boat; while beneath me the heaving waters were ever and anon sullenly dashing against their final barrier with a roar of thunder and a sheet of foam. I shall never forget the animation of that scene! The booming of the sea at stated intervals against the reverberating rocks, the wild and irregular cries of the gaelic mariners, echoed and re-echoed along the roof and pillars of the cave,—the agitation of the great sea-boats, now borne inwards by the eutering tide and now swept back by its resorbent power—while the steamer in the distance, seen through the opening of the cavern, appeared utterly devoid of motion, sleeping on the waveless main—oh what a combination of sights and sounds, what a scene of enchantment and diablerie!

Tearing ourselves with reluctance from this most wondrous spot, we passed along the grand causeway, which is a slope, intervening between the base of the cliff and the sea, composed of irregularly fractured

columns, at first vertical, with horizontal sections exposed; but afterwards inclining in various degrees. To our right lay the detached islet of Bouchaille, or the Herdsman, consisting entirely of small columns, closely attached to each other, and sloping in the most grotesque and unexpected directions.

We now came to the Clam-Shell Cave, where the basaltic columns increase in size, and, on one side of the aperture, are most singularly distorted so as to resemble the timbers of a ship, with traces of transverse fractures occurring at nearly regular intervals. Ascending to the green platform which constitutes the main surface of the isle, we obtained some striking views of Mull and the adjacent islets.

We now re-embarked, and as we receded from the shore, there was displayed before us the whole grand columnar façade, pierced here and there by the various caves, whose gloomy recesses were strongly marked out by a transient gleam of sunshine.

By what mighty convulsion, in the dim epochs of the past, the crust of the earth has been broken up and compacted into these prismatic shapes—by what devices of mechanic force, or chymic skill, the hand of nature has fashioned into geometric form the mouldings, and shafts, and capitals, and all the other decorations of this master-piece among her architectural composi-

tions—we still remain in ignorance the most profound. Some crude and feeble theories have been invented by speculative men, but how unsatisfying are these—and how unphilosophical!

Before we had lost sight of Staffa, Iona, the Island of Waves, sometimes also called Icolmkil, or the Isle of Columba's cell, claimed our attention. Its first appearance was still more unpretending than that of Staffa; but the interest which attaches to it, is not physical but moral. Its cathedral tower, rising over a flat green plain, abstracted from its traditionary and historic associations, is a simple unobtrusive ruin; yet, when first descried among these wild and rock-girt isles, peopled only by the silent cormorant, or the wailing gull, it assumes an interest of the most impressive kind. When it was in its flourishing state, there existed a firm belief that the great fountains of the deep would be broken up once more, seven years before the end of the world; and that all the nations of the earth would be again destroyed in this general cataclysm, while Iona alone would float upon the face of the waters. To this belief in its prophecied security, joined to the sanctity of its monastic buildings, the island owes its celebrity as a burying-place. The kings of three separate and mighty nations, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway, are entombed among these crumbling ruins, and chiefs and warriors, without number, repose by their side.

An anxiety to hand down to posterity one's own mortal remains; can prevail only in a barbarous age; but the desire of preserving memorials of others—the loved, the great, the good—will never be extinguished among nations, however civilised and refined, as long as human ties and human sympathies shall exist. Let man philosophise as he will, he cannot regard, with ordinary concern, the decaying monuments of greatness that has passed away; nor tread without emotion upon the bones of a monarch or a hero.

Yet, not because of its mighty dead does Iona assume its most imposing aspect to me: it is as a sanctuary of religion and learning—as the sole beacon of an age immersed in the darkness of superstition and ignorance—that I venerate the Isle of Waves. Who that has experienced the consolations of religion, and the pleasures of knowledge, can contemplate unmoved this little spot, which in such ferocious times sent up to Heaven—not the roar of battle—but the voice of prayer; and scattered among the neighbouring hordes the treasures of knowledge instead of the seeds of strife.

As we landed upon the red-granite rocks, the whole population came out to meet us, half-clothed and squalid, from their wretched hovels. One of them, an old man, half drunk or mad, who spoke more Gaelic than English, assumed the office of Cicerone: he

pointed out the different tombs, and their dates ; but as these were all comprehended in one general formula—"500 years beside Christ,"—I became very sceptical with regard to his chronology, which, at all events, was extremely monotonous. After detailing the history of some heroine who lies buried here, he concluded with declaring—"And that's all true and plain, and it's she that's down at home there," pointing to the grave-stone. Lastly, he summed up the exploits of a Highland chieftain, with this doubtful eulogy—"That's Macfarlan o' Ulva, the vera mon to like the whiskey, when alive."

The rain began to fall in torrents directly we re-entered the steam-boat, and continued without cessation for the remainder of the day. We did not reach Oban till past nine, and as there was no moon, we found some difficulty in passing up the Sound of Kerrera: they sent out some boats to reconnoitre the rocks which lie in the middle of it. We arrived, however, in safety after a most interesting day, and a most fortunate one too, for the weather held up just at the very time we needed. I sat up with the young Fribourgers till twelve o'clock, comparing our impressions of continental scenes, and then bid them adieu with regret.

August 27.—No steamer for Inverness arrived this morning, in consequence of the Crinan canal having burst. I therefore set off for Dunstaffnage Castle,

about four miles from Oban. The clouds had all passed away, and I now, for the first time, enjoyed Scotch scenery in Italian weather. I begin to think that the 'Land o' Cakes' will rival even Switzerland in my estimation; for the landscapes I have gazed on this day have been faultless. The castle which I went in quest of, stands upon a rock at the extremity of a flat promontory on Loch Etive. It is, like all other castles in this region, a bare ruin; but is interesting from its being the place where was deposited the regal stone, removed hence to Scone, and afterwards to Westminster Abbey. From the summit of the castle there is a noble view of Ben-Cruachan, rising majestically over the blue waters of the loch. One may descry also at its base the green and level plain, through which flows "the roaring Lora" after having descended the Fall of Connel, and on which the Fingalians were supposed to live in winter when driven from the gloomy retreats of Glencoe. More to the left is seen an isolated mound, conjectured to be the site of the Pictish Capital, Beregonium, on which exists a good specimen of a vitrified fort. The Gael who ferried me across to the Castle declared that seven castles once existed there, and that the cinders of their remains may still be seen.

Near the castle is a small roofless chapel, with some fine windows, where some of the kings of Scotland are said to be buried. Descending the steep external staircase of the castle, with the young Highlander who served

as my guide, and passing by what he called "ta loupin on stane for ta leddies," I entered this monastic ruin. It is now used as a burying place, and a poor woman had been interred there the day before. Over the grave they had put the broken portions of a sculptured stone, so that the same monumental honours that had graced the obsequies of a chieftain, were now applied to the funeral of a peasant. What a sermon was here ! On asking the lad where the echo was, which I had heard so much of, he said "Och she's over yonder, her nain sell will shew her;" so placing me opposite to the chapel, he retired behind a rock and sang a Gaelic song, which appeared to issue from some person within the building. This is certainly a very curious acoustic phenomenon. I had a delightful walk home, lingering here and there to enjoy the magnificent scenery of Loch Etive.

August 28.—Dunolly Castle, within a mile of Oban, stands upon the summit of a great basaltic rock ; it is an ivy-clad square keep four stories high, but it is now a mere shell. This, as well as Dunstaffnage, is an ancient seat of the Macdougals of Lorn. It commands a fine view of the Sound of Kerrera. There is a large Golden Eagle kept here. These birds are now becoming scarce in consequence of the great exertions of the shepherds to destroy them. The method of proceeding is this. They throw a dead sheep within musket shot of some good hiding place ; the ravens, who track their

prey by the smell, are the first to discover it, and come down in flocks; the musketeer now frightens them away, and the lordly eagle from afar seeing these birds which are to him what the jackall is to the lion, or the pilot-fish to the shark, comes swooping down like an arrow. After looking around him a little while he sets greedily to work, and becomes an easy prey to the concealed marksman. The red deer are likewise in danger of becoming extinct; but the roe, in consequence of the large plantations on the mountains recently made, is increasing too rapidly. This information I obtained from a Capt. G——, a sensible well educated man, whom I met on board the Inverness Steamer, which at last arrived at Oban.

I was landed at Coran Ferry with a Scotch gentleman, and proceeded with him in a car to Ballochulish where we crossed another Ferry. These ferries are situated of course at the narrowest part of the Lochs, and the consequence is that there is always a tremendous current either up or down, according as the tide flows or ebbs, along the middle of the channel, while a less powerful back-current takes place along the sides; hence in crossing, we describe a curve like the letter S.

August 29.—Set out with the stout young Scotsman to see the pass of Glencoe, celebrated for the abominable massacre committed by the Campbells on the Macdon-

alds in the reign of William. But we staid to see a large drove of black cattle "swum" across the loch. The animals were driven to the water's edge by dogs and men, and appeared to enter as if they were well accustomed to such exercise. There was some difficulty at first in making them start properly, as they attempted to come to shore again ; but at last one of them struck right out, and they all followed him closely, the drove being kept in the right direction by men in boats behind them. The mass of heads and horns upon the surface of the water presented a curious appearance. They had great difficulty in landing, in consequence of the extreme slipperiness of the wetted rocks.

Crossing "the roaring stream of Cona," so often alluded to by Ossian, we entered the dark and deep ravine of Glencoe. The porphyritic mountains on the north side, are magnificent in shape and colour, rearing their ruddy rugged ridges to the clouds of Heaven, while the more gloomy and precipitous crags on the south frown horror and desolation on the glen. There is a small lake called Treachtan, which adds greatly to the natural grandeur of this pass, and which discharges itself into Loch Leven, by the river Cona. This was the birth-place of Ossian, and there are many wild traditions in the neighbourhood illustrative of the manners of his heroes. For instance the Ferry at Ballachulish is called Phalas or Phatric, from Patrick, a son of the king of Denmark, who was drowned here. It seems the

Fingalians, when they went forth from Glencoe to hunt, used to jump over this ferry with their hunting-spears ; Patrick's leaping-poll unfortunately broke, and he fell into the middle of the Loch and was drowned.

In the middle of the pass we overtook the Killin carrier who promised to show us the Devil's stairs. "A routh o' gentles comes to see thae stairs." "And does the De'il himsel' walk up them sometimes?" asked my companion. "I canna say as I ever seed him." "May be ye're no muckle acquent?" "Na, na ; I dinna like to hae ower mony dealin's wi' the likes o' him."

Having walked nine miles along the glen, I left my friend to proceed to Fortwilliam, while I returned back again to Ballachulish. So much had I been fascinated with the sublimities of Highland scenery, that I did not feel the slightest fatigue, though with bye excursions I had walked upwards of twenty miles.

August 30.—There was no service in English in any of the churches of this sequestered neighbourhood. In the evening, after shaking hands with my landlord and his daughter, the bonniest lass I have seen in all the Highlands, I left with regret this little Inn. I had been the only person there, and finding every thing strictly clean though homely, and the inmates simple in manners and kindly in disposition, I could scarce prevail with myself to relinquish so congenial a habitation. But I have heard much of the grandeur of Skye

scenery, and I am anxious while the weather is so calm to make a voyage to this now classical island. A gig conveyed me and my luggage to Fortwilliam along the shores of Loch Linnhe, which presented at every step the most varied and romantic mountain views. Within about three miles of the Fort, I obtained a sudden glimpse of the lofty Ben Nevis, elevating his tabular and massive summits far above the adjacent hills. At the Caledonian Hotel I have again encountered my Scotch acquaintance, and have agreed with him and another gentleman to ascend Ben Nevis to-morrow morning.

August 31.—The same glorious weather invites us to our toilsome march. The distance from the inn to the summit and back again is said to be only fourteen miles; but these are the hardest fourteen miles in Britain. The ascent is more difficult than that of any of the mountains which I scaled in Switzerland; this is owing chiefly to the loose stones that retard one's progress, and the sharp ridges that bruise one's feet; and also to the extreme steepness of the mountain, which rises directly, a well defined mass, from the shore of Loch Linnhe. When we had accomplished the first most laborious brae, B—— was so ill that he wanted to return; however we waited for him some time, and he gradually recovered so as to proceed with increasing strength. The rills of water are abundant and most refreshing, especially when qualified with a

little whiskey. At length we arrived at the first summit, and looked down the fearful precipices on its northerly side—they are quite perpendicular, and from this point of view appeared to form a circular hollow of gigantic proportions, at the bottom of which a man would have dwindled to the size of a crow. It was magnificent to watch the wreathing clouds boil up from this supernal cauldron.

The highest point is considerably above the one I am describing, and we now, therefore, began our last ascent (comparatively an easy one); and when we sat down at the rude cairn, which the travellers have piled up there, we felt fully rewarded for our perseverance and fatigue. I know not whether, even in Switzerland, I have witnessed finer crag-scenery than the summit of Ben Nevis presents. That there are more enormous rocks, and deeper abysses among the Alps, I readily grant; but none which can be grasped more palpably by the sense of vision—none which speak in more appalling tones to the sense of fear. With regard to the surrounding view, I, perhaps, cannot speak with justice, because the weather was hazy, and the clouds occasionally veiled it entirely from our sight, but I think it cannot bear the slightest comparison with the panoramic grandeur of the Righi or the Faulhorn. The mountains are too monotonous, all the outlines being rounded and swelling, instead of soaring into minarets and aiguilles. Still the views are varied by the wind-

ings of the shore, the indenting lochs, and the inland lakes, which are seen in all directions; and the great chain of lakes forming the Caledonian Canal, is a very striking feature. My companions were so tired and came down so slowly, that I left the guide with them, and hastened on to order a substantial meal against their arrival. I must not omit to mention that we were so singularly fortunate as to espy a huge red deer grazing in one of the glens near the first summit, a noble animal, but too distant to be seen to advantage. Ravens and ptarmagans were flitting thro' the fog, and one of the former came so near me while I was sketching, that I was positively startled by the amazing noise of his wings.

September 1.—Breakfasted with B—— who is a W. S. and has invited me to spend a day with him in Edinburgh. Having a great desire to see the far-famed parallel roads of Glen-Roy, I hired a gig to the Bridge of Roy, and then walked four miles up the glen and back again. It is a deep gorge in the mountains, at the bottom of which, roars and winds a considerable torrent; but the most remarkable objects in the glen are those three horizontal terraces or roads, which, keeping always at the same level, and always parallel to each other, skirt the sides of the mountains: they exist on both faces of the glen at corresponding elevations, so as to impress one forcibly with the idea that they mark the successive levels of a lake or sea; but the firm

belief of every lover of romance is, that these were once vast roads, made by the Fingalians through the deep forests which once flourished on these desolate hills, in order to assist them in the chase of the deer. And to him who looks on this wild scene with a poet's eye, it will require but a slender stretch of the imagination to re-clothe the braes with oaks and pines, and catch the spectral forms of the gigantic huntsmen hurrying with their spears along these level paths. Yet to the calmer reason every thing bespeaks that the roads of Glenroy are of natural and not artificial formation. For it has been well remarked that in those rude ages no engineer could have been found with sufficient skill to construct three routes so exactly horizontal and parallel; nor would he have taken the trouble to carry them round every nook and recess in the mountains. Besides, if the roads had been cut out of the side of the hill, the slopes above and below them would have been continuous, whereas the slopes are discontinuous, that is, if produced they will not meet each other. Still there is great difficulty in accounting for the phenomenon by natural causes, for since the fossils found in the glen are none of them marine, it is clear that these banks, if due to the operation of water at all, must have been the boundaries of a fresh water lake, successively standing for long periods at three different levels; in this case there must have been some limiting barriers which successively gave way, of which however no trace can be now discovered. Similar terraces have been ob-

served in other parts of the Highlands, and also in Peru; these of Glenroy are generally about sixty feet wide, but the American roads are so broad as to put the supposition of their having been constructed by human labour quite out of the question. After dining at the Bridge of Roy I returned in the gig to Fort William, highly pleased with the examination of this geological valley.

September 2.—A gig conveyed me as far as Kinloch Aylort, through scenes as lonely and savage as can well be imagined. At Glenfinnan a monument is erected on the very spot where Prince Charles, surrounded by that small but gallant band of Camerons, unfurled his standard, previous to the disastrous day at Culloden. From this wild spot he went forth, in the very spirit of adventurous daring, to claim and do battle for the crown of his fathers; he returned with blighted hopes and ruined fortunes, an outcast and a wanderer, amid the sternest regions of this remote and savage country. Yet who can read of his patient endurance of cold, fatigue, and hunger; of his unconquered spirit in the extremity of misfortune; of his activity in escaping the toils of his enemies; without paying him the homage due to a gallant soldier, if not that which he claimed as a royal Prince.

At Kinloch Aylort I discharged the gig, and shouldering my knapsack, commenced the walk to

Arasaig, twelve miles. The hills were most exquisitely clothed with heath, birch, and rock, and being lighted by the evening sun, presented at every step different combinations of the most brilliant colours. At last from a bower of birch I beheld before me Lochanamougal sea, a branch of the broad Atlantic, dotted with innumerable rocky isles, and rippled by the gentle breeze. In the distance rose the Scur of Eig, a remarkably shaped mountain in that island, and beyond this the dark majestic mountains of Rum. The scenery of this coast is magnificent, and I wonder extremely that I have never heard it praised or mentioned ; but I believe it is very little visited. Mistress Fraser, the landlady of the small Inn, according to the predictions of mine host at Fort-William, is a very tidy widow. Her husband was drowned in making the very voyage that I am to attempt to-morrow ; but he was too bold a sailor.

September 3.—Walked down to the beach, two miles, and there embarked in a small boat, with a couple of men and a boy, for Isle Oransay. The morning was most propitious, a bright sun and a fair breeze, so that our little vessel danced over the waters, her cordage straining, and her mast cracking with the weight of canvass. Sometimes the gusts came so heavily that we shipped water, and were obliged to let go the sail. I found that the two men were brothers and fishermen ; one of them spoke no English at all, and the other very little, so that in making my bargain

with them, I was obliged to employ Mrs. Fraser as interpreter. They were highly delighted with my pocket compass, never having seen or heard of such a thing before ; and this circumstance shewed me that, in case of being driven out to sea, I should have to play the Captain's part myself, being furnished with both chart and needle. In the practical management of the sail and rudder, however, they were perfect masters of their craft, and amused me very much by their animated dialogues in Gaelic. Their smoking apparatus was very original. One of them took out of his pocket a roll of skin, which proved to have belonged to an animal, the seal, which he had killed with his own gun. In this was most carefully deposited what appeared to me to be a small dark cord coiled together. From the coil he tore off a portion, and unrolling it, shewed me that it was tobacco leaf: dividing it into small pieces he crammed it into the bowl of his pipe ; the stem of the pipe was not a whit longer than the bowl, each being about an inch: he next extracted from his pocket a flinty stone, against which he laid some lint blackened with gun-powder water ; then striking the stone with a piece of iron, he obtained a light instantaneously. I can really recommend this method of procuring fire to my smoking friends. Once set going, the pipe was not allowed to be idle, for while one of them talked or sang, the other enjoyed the sweets of King Jamie's diabolical herb, puffing away with amazing energy. They had stipulated for a bottle of whiskey, to which they now made frequent

application; but it did not appear to produce the slightest effect upon their seasoned frames. They had put into the boat a small bowl of water, with which I presume they originally intended to modify their liquor; but unfortunately the bowl leaked, and all its contents stole away before they thought of examining them;—a circumstance which gave them no manner of concern. If the whiskey had departed by this illegal vent, the case would have been very different.

I was landed safely at the Isle of Oransay, or rather opposite to it on the coast of Skye, after a speedy and agreeable passage, having been delighted throughout with fine views of the adjacent isles, Eig, Rum, and Skye, and of the magnificent coast of Inverness-shire. After dining on some eggs and potatoes, the only things I could relish in the smoke-enveloped public, whose kitchen had no chimney, (the former being cased in their shells, and the latter in their skins.) I resumed my knapsack, and walked ten miles to Broadford Inn. The first part of the road skirts the shore, and commands a heart-delighting prospect of Loch Hourn, and the precipitous rocks of the opposite coast, with the Isle of Oransay and some jutting crags in the foreground.

Leaving these fascinating shores, I struck into the heart of the island, over a long, dreary, inhospitable moor, which could supply no subject of interest to any

one but Copley Fielding. I had rather ascend a mountain than traverse one of these forlorn and miserable wastes ; for on the former one can always meet with pure cold water, whereas one cannot look, without loathing, on the dark red stagnant pools that every now and then are seen in the hollows of the blackened peat-mosses. As I trudged along the lonely road, the hawk whistled over my head, and the hooded crow arose from some knoll, to view from a securer distance this intruder on his domains. At last I saw on the left some very remarkable mountains rising above the heaths and peat, and was much relieved by having such grotesque forms to amuse my fancy with, instead of the monotonous objects on the moor. These are the famed Cuchullins so often mentioned by Ossian. I find the Inn at Broadford extremely comfortable, and the landlord speaks good English, a great accomplishment in these sequestered districts of the Gael.

September 4.—It was my full intention to have made a long day's excursion, but I have been disappointed by the weather. I rode a little pony as far as Killbride, but might as well have walked, so great was the exertion of putting the animal into motion. He seemed perfectly aware that an umbrella was but a poor substitute for whip or spur, and therefore resolved to take the matter coolly. A mile before we reached Killbride, which consists, by the way, of a single house belonging to a Minister, one of the sailors who was to

row us to the celebrated spar Cave and Loch Coruisk, met us on the road, and told us that he did not think we could go to sea, because of the wind. I told him it was only a capful, and he must take me as he had promised. When I arrived at the shore however I found there was a very fresh breeze, though I had not an idea of such on the other side of the island ; but I was resolved to go if they would take me. After settling that they were to have a pound and a bottle of whiskey for their fare, four men took their oars, and I sat at the stern. We launched, and were soon tossing and rocking upon the Atlantic. The breeze freshened, and the spray from the breakers washed our clothes gratis, while every moment the men found their task more arduous and, I suppose, more dangerous. The one who spoke a little English asked me if I wished to put back ; I said "certainly not" for I was sure there was no real danger then, whatever there might be thereafter ; and I enjoyed to ecstasy being swung up and down in our little cockle-shell upon the mighty billows. The man, a minute after, said I should never be able to reach Sligachau Inn during day-light, and it was dangerous travelling in the glen by night. I said I would take my chance of that, and if night overtook me I could gain a night's lodging at Mr. M'Millan's at Camasunary. A few minutes more and he again asked "are you willing to turn back, sir?" "Not if you think you can pull me through this sea, but if you see danger let us return," "Well then, sir, we will run ashore. So

the boat was turned in a moment, and in two or three minutes the wind drove us back the same distance which we had been half-an-hour in making. It was extremely provoking to be robbed of a day's pleasure, and the more so at the time, because I did not think there was any danger, but only suspected the men of wishing to get more money or whiskey; however the wind afterwards blew a strong gale, and the sea ran so high that the small open boat would not have easily weathered it. I gave the men a few shillings for their labour and fright, and then walked back to Broadford, with the master of the boat, over the Macdonald country. The M'Leod country I understand begins at Glen Sligachan.

Since writing the above, I have travelled in a cart to Sligachan Inn, fifteen miles; for I am resolved to see this noted glen, by land, since I may not reach it by sea. I preferred riding to walking, because there was every appearance of rain. It held off, however, for the first ten miles, during which we wound among some of the exterior and smaller of the famed Cuchullins. The dark assemblage of clouds on their summits gave them a deep metallic hue, and an aspect which I can only characterize by the term diabolico-sublime. Some of the precipitous glens, which run up between them, were every now and then drenched with streams of rain, while others near them at the same moment, were illumined by torrents of sun-beams. Boisterous

gusts of wind swept fitfully past us, as we penetrated farther and farther ; then an occasional shower ; and at last the genuine Highland storm burst on us with all its fury. If any one desire to learn how thick and fast rain *can* fall, let him witness a tempest in the midst of the Cuchullius.

Thoroughly drenched, we arrived at what the Guide-book calls "the uncomfortable Inu at the end of the glen;" but, to me, it is a perfect palace, when contrasted with the cart in which I have been soaked and shaken. Its situation is the dreariest spot that could have been selected for the abode of man : it stands at the base of the mountains, just in front of a torrent, which, for a hundred yards on each side of its channel, has strewn the ground with fragments of rock, hurried down from the crags. Beyond this is a peat-moss—then a portion of Loch Sligachan, surrounded by the bleak hills beyond. Such is the view from my bed-room, which serves me for parlour also. The interior, however, is more cheerful, and I am enjoying extremely the humble luxury of a peat fire, while the clean napkin on the table, and the fine coloured tea-things invite me to a sober meal. I am content. If they will but add kindly feelings to cleanly hands, I ask no more of these poor Highlanders. And I will do them the justice to declare that I have hitherto invariably found them ready to meet more than half way, the proffer of social intercourse, and to anticipate as far as

they can, the wants of their visitors. For instance, to mention only what has occurred to-day, M'Innes at Broadford put his own good plaid cloak into the cart for my use without solicitation, saying "You'll no be the waur o' this among the Cullins:" and the coarse-featured damsel who is now taking away the stewed meat, kipper salmon, and oat cake, expressed much regret at my having eaten so little. When she saw me ringing the wet from my clothes as I entered, she said in a tone of compassion, "Ye'll be the better o' a spark o' fire!"

September 5.—The morning was what the country people here called "very coarse," that is, very rainy; however when I stepped from the door of the little public, the sun shone, though the air was as keen as in the middle of winter. Happening to fall in with one of Lord Macdonald's foresters, and entering into conversation with him, as was my general custom, I learned that to go to Coruisk would take five hours, and that indeed the whole day was requisite for the task. The weather being so very uncertain, I determined to take breakfast and then settle whether to venture or not. Before I had dispatched the countless mutton chops, the eggs, and the corresponding quantum of bread, which now constitute my very extensive breakfast, the sky cleared considerably, and the forester said he was sure there would only be a few showers. I knew very well what a Cuchullin shower meant, but I

resolved to go, saying "If I get wet through I can but go to bed," "Oh you need na do that" said my obliging landlady "for I'll just be lending you a goon." So with this curious reserve to retreat upon in case of discomfiture, I set out with the forester, who, from having been employed fifteen years in preserving the red deer among these glens, is acquainted with every stone in them. He wore a sailor's jacket, and carried a stout staff in his hand; and a telescope in a leathern case swinging by a leathern belt round his shoulders, served him to watch for the deer, and also for poachers. He said that when he first came, there were scarce a dozen head of deer, but now there were three hundred or more. Some of the bucks weighed sixteen stones. Their horns were occasionally of great size, though cast every year in May; they were at first, when full grown, rough and soft, and just about this time they became smooth and hard. The deer seldom found any difficulty in getting food in winter, for very little snow fell in these glens; and there was always pasturage to be found at the margins of the burns. But though there was seldom snow, the storms were awful, and the gusts of wind so violent as to take up large stones. He has often heard one of these hurricanes coming down the hollow, and has been obliged to lie flat down till it has passed over him.

The path we travelled at first, though extremely rough and wet, was much better than I had anticipated;

and I was enabled to gaze upon the singular mountains that rose up perpendicularly from each side of this desolate glen. The sharp ridges, and spiry cones of Blaven, and the soaring peak of Scur-nan-gillea, the loftiest of all the Cuchullins, irresistibly arrested the attention; these are favourite haunts of the red deer, which contrive to pick up their dangerous meals from the little patches of verdure scattered here and there on some flat or slope. These animals delight in what the Forester called "clean ground;" i. e. ground on which no other animal whatever is to be seen or scented. Their sense of smell is so acute, that though they allow him sometimes to come within a hundred yards of them, yet if he have a gun and powder, he is sometimes half a day before he can get a shot.

After we had proceeded about an hour along the rough footway, my companion said "Now Sir, we have a long day before us, and if you like I'll just shew you a glen here that some of the gentlemen who come to shoot think finer than Coruisk." So we diverged across the moorish ground and ascended a steep hill; but here unfortunately one of those showers that he had predicted, came on. "We'll just take shelter awhile," said he, "till it clears up." I was much at a loss to imagine where any shelter could possibly be hunted out in this savage glen; but at last we came to a great stone, that had fallen from the rocks above; and sitting down behind this, we thus obtained only about

half the portion of rain which would otherwise have fallen to our share. Being very much heated with the ascent, I did not much relish this Highland shelter, and so we proceeded to view the glen. Of course I saw it at a great disadvantage, yet could not help wondering at the extraordinary forms of its outlines, and the still more extraordinary colours of its component mountains. The glen was called Harticory, but I was destined to revisit it in the course of the day under much brighter circumstances.

We now descended along the course of a burn, at one time expanding into a small lake; till at last, turning round the shoulder of a mountain, we came in sight of Loch Coruisk, the Bay of Scavaig, and the Islands of Eig and Rum in the distance. We descended to the very margin of this most deservedly celebrated lake, and beheld the wild and wondrous picture which it presents, under a bright sun and a blue sky. The water itself is two miles long, and narrow in breadth; while in colour it is as dark as Erebus, from the reflection of the black hyperstein mountains that rise up precipitously, and almost immediately from its surface. The hue of these rocks is indeed remarkable; and one might imagine the whole gorge to be some vast Cyclopean cave, while the enormous tabular fragments strewn along the shores of the lake, bear no inapt resemblance to the anvils of the giants. This is the first time I have seen hyperstein, and I am lost in asto-

nishment at the supernatural effect it gives to the scene. When quite dry it really is absolutely black; and where it is moistened by the rills which flow down from the heights, and at the same time lighted by the Sun, it sparkles with a gem-like lustre; thus reminding one very forcibly of the affinity that exists between diamond and charcoal. No trace of moving thing is discernible in this fearful glen, the very lichens and timestains being banished from the greater portion of it. All is bare and gloomy, and one cannot contemplate without an appalling thrill such a desolation of sterility.

We proceeded along the small slope that intervenes between the precipice and the lake, in order "just to view the whole thing" as my guide observed. When we arrived at the end of the water, he turned round and said "We have been just two hours and a half in coming this journey, which takes most gentlemen at least five. I never came so quickly before. Now we've a long day before us still; and a shepherd told me that it was possible to get up the rocks just above, and that it was much shorter than to go all the way round as we came. I'll just tell you the truth. I've never been over myself, and I've never liked to propose it to any one I've brought here; but you are a light gentleman, and if you like we'll try. We can but turn back, if we can't manage it, and I think we are now sure of fine weather." After listening to this oration with great attention, I replied "This is a very weighty proposition,

for to scale those rocks is no trifle; so if you please we'll sit down by this brook and take our dinner first, and then hold a council of war."

Accordingly we attacked the mutton-ham and biscuits, which we had brought for the occasion, and made a considerable vacuum in my whisky-flask. "Now," said I, as I clasped my knife, and inserted it into my pocket, "if you are for the rocks, I am ready to start." "Very well; then I think we'll try over yonder; for I remember chasing some deer with the dogs along this bottom, and they made their escape up there. We'll, may be, have to angle round a bit, but we've a long day before us." This was usually the chorus of all his propositions, and I knew from experience that it boded no easy task.

Well, we began to ascend, and at first succeeded admirably; though the labour was indeed tremendous, "I am sure we shall do well" said I, "Best not be too sure Sir; one step may send us all the way back." We now came to a steeper part, where we were obliged to crawl upon our hands and knees, and I here found my umbrella a sad nuisance; but the Forester's two dogs were much worse, for they were constantly in my way. Sometimes we climbed up a cleft, in the bare rock, just like a chimney; and sometimes the one was obliged to push the other up; and he in return, pulled up the first. A single false step would have hurled us

to destruction, and there was moreover very great danger that the first man would loosen some stone that might sweep down the hindmost. I once sent down a tremendous rock, the percussion of which against the crag below, sent up a strong smell of sulphur; fortunately for the Forester, he was above me. In the midst of all these difficulties we arrived at a spot where the crag rose up so smoothly and perpendicularly that it was vain to attempt ascending it; we were obliged therefore to turn back a little, and "angle round" as he called it. But in the end we surmounted every obstacle and stepped forth proudly and joyously upon the very topmost crag!

And what a scene of unparalleled sublimity and grandeur was spread around us! On our right was the infernal chasm from which we had just emerged, paved by the waters of Coruisk; on the left we looked into Harticory (the glen we had seen imperfectly in the morning) Lotecory which is a continuation of it, and Glen Sligachan from which these two diverge. Immediately before us lay the bays of Camasunary and Scavaig, the open Sea and the Isles of Eig and Rum, with others of the Hebrides. The tops of the mountains were now fully displayed, and astonished me by the grotesque forms of their ridges and peaks. One of them has been chiselled by the frost and storm into the exact profile of a handsome giant, whose majestic head appears rising above the black and beetling precipices

the guardian of those majestic realms,—the genius that presides over the glens of Cuchullin.

Such is a faint description of what I saw this day ; faint and feeble indeed compared with the original, which defies alike the representative power of epithet, metaphor, and language itself. The Forester was delighted with our success ; “ You are the first gentleman,” said he, “ that ever made this pass ; nothing but a shepherd or a red deer has ever been here before us, take my word for that.” After a pause, he added “ I often think in my own mind that it is very strange you noblemen should come to see these wild hills of ours, and our noblemen should go to London to ruin themselves ; but you’ve the best of it, Sir, for you gain health and strength, and our lords lose both that and fortune too.” I was surprised to hear this man moralizing so philosophically, and also to find him speaking such good English. But the fact is that the Highlanders, having Gaelic for their native tongue, are taught English grammatically in their schools ; and thus avoid almost entirely the curious patois of the Lowlander with which every one is familiar from the writings of Burns and Scott.

We now descended with comparative ease to Hارتicory and thence wound our toilsome way along Glen Sligachan till we arrived at the Inn. We have been but seven hours in accomplishing our most arduous task,

and the landlady, not expecting us so soon, has been unable to prepare the pudding which she had fully intended to honour my dinner withal. She has provided me however with a much better thing, a pair of her own best cotton stockings. The sturdy Forester is having his dinner below at my expense ; he has shared with me in peril, it is but fair that he should share with me in luxuries also.

Sept. 6.—This morning is the Sabbath ; but it is of course in vain to expect an English service in the Isle of Skye. The Forester told me that there is service within four miles of Sligachan every twenty days, but Portree is properly the Parish Kirk, at the distance of ten miles. His father lives in a place which is twenty miles from Kirk. Feeling myself perfectly refreshed after a long night's rest, I resolved to walk to Broadford (fifteen miles) with my knapsack, in order to be in time for the steam-boat to morrow. So I called for my thick shoes which displayed lamentable proofs of yesterdays exploits, and were still wet and discoloured ; and bidding adieu to my kind hostess, who wanted to know when she should see me again, I started on my lonely walk. And I think I spent the Sabbath among the red Cuchullins as profitably as I could have done in a cloistered Cathedral ; for though doubtless one's devotional feelings are exalted when one kneels down among the carved and clustering shafts of some gothic pile, while the sun through the painted oriel

streams down on pavement and pillar all hues that are lovely and bright, and the slow and solemn tones of the choral 'hymn harmoniously vibrate through nave and aisle—yet still perhaps the perception of God's majesty, and the sense of our own littleness are more vivid, when we roam amid these impressive solitudes with the torrent rushing below, and the clouds careering above; when we behold a temple in every mountain, an altar in every rock; and exchange the pealing notes of the organ for the deafening roar of the glen-blast.

From reflections like these I was awakened by the state of my feet, which as I proceeded began to be very painful. It was in vain that I took off my shoes and shook out the gravel; but at last I bethought me of the true cause of my suffering, and on examination discovered that the nails had been driven quite through the soles! so that I had literally been doing penance upon iron spikes. The upper leather too was cracked and gaping, and the lower was in rags, so that I was obliged at last to relinquish these old and faithful friends. They had borne me through great part of Switzerland, over crag and glacier, through streams and snows; but the precipices of Coruisk were too much for leather to bear! I laid them down in the very middle of the road, and taking another pair from my knapsack, I resumed my journey with a lighter burden, but a heavier heart. The wind occasionally

came rushing past me with such violence as to blow me off the road, and several times, when it was directly against me, I really could not stir till it relaxed, when I was very near tumbling forwards. I arrived however very safely at Broadford.

Sept. 7.—I entered the steam-boat at half-past eight instead of seven, the hour at which she ought to have arrived; but she had been unable to start from Portree in consequence of the wind. This had now subsided in a great degree, so that we had a very comfortable passage: excepting that we were detained half an hour at Kyle Rhea by a linchpin giving way in the machinery.

At Kyle Akin, there is on the Skye coast, a ruined square keep, said to have been erected by some Norwegian Princess for the purpose of levying a tax upon all vessels passing through the Kyles. The ruin is called Castle Muel or Maoil; and the spot where the toll-chain, stretching across from Skye to the mainland, was fixed to the rock is still shewn. We passed by Glenelg on the mainland, an extremely beautiful vale, with glorious mountains all around it.

I now bid adieu to the shores of Skye where I had spent so many pleasant hours, and left both its scenery and its inhabitants with regret. These last are in general extremely poor, and wretchedly dressed; the women, indeed, never wear any head-dress, whatever may be the

state of the weather ; and I saw one of these poor things in the midst of a tremendous storm with the rain streaming down her face from her long and unprotected hair. They are in general dark and wild looking, but I know that these Islanders have gentle hearts under this forbidding exterior. The gentry are very numerous, and according to Mrs. Fraser at Arasaig, very fashionable ; I saw one young girl whose flaxen hair, fair complexion, and light blue eyes gave token of her Norwegian origin.

In the steam-boat, I was much struck with the appearance of an extremely handsome man, between forty and fifty years of age. He was dressed in tartan trews and a tartan vest, or waistcoat, of a different pattern ; which last I afterwards learned was the proper badge of his clan. In his cloth cap, he had stuck a heather sprig ; his hair was black, a little grey perhaps, and his whiskers were superb. His figure, too, firm and commanding. I entered into conversation with him, and in the course of the morning he became extremely communicative, not only respecting other people's affairs, but his own also. I happened to commend the scenery of A——, when he observed “all that property once belonged to me, but I was so unfortunate as to put it into the hands of those cursed lawyers at Edinburgh, and they've sold it all. I thought I was living very quietly on a third of my income, and when I came to examine into matters, I found myself obliged to sell

half my property. And that's the way they are ruining all the Highland gentlemen. There's Lord —— just in the same way, but he lost his by gambling; if mine had gone so, I should not regret it so much. There has always been sad waste going on by the connivance of our factors; I dare say you must have remarked the quantity of timber rotting in the lake and river near A——; well, all those mountains, now so bare, were once covered with fine timber trees, which were cut down in the year forty-five to assist Prince Charles. The factor was so negligent that he never examined how, or what, the purchasers felled; and so they swept away the whole, and had so good a bargain that they did not think it worth while to carry off all that they had cut; so there it lies rotting to this day."

I became extremely curious to know who this man was, and found no difficulty. Every body seemed to know all about him. He was M—— of C——, commonly called C——, the head of one of those clans which were so faithful to the cause of the Pretender. It was highly curious to contrast the account which he had so freely given of himself, with the observations of other people. They represent him as a most wild and extravagant man. His estates were enormous, when he took possession of them at the age of twenty-two; the islands of ——, ——, great part of —— Island, and an immense tract of country on the mainland, belonged to him; his kelp alone brought in

forty thousand pounds per annum. But he has contrived to run through all this princely fortune, to sell all that was not entailed, and to execute a deed of trust with respect to the remainder, reserving to his own use only the poor pittance of four hundred a year. He was very intimate with George IV. who probably was the cause of his extravagance and dissipation, By his first wife he had a large family who are now supported in opulence by some of their relations ; his second wife was Lady A——, who was endowed by her first husband with an enormous fortune; she would have paid his debts and redeemed his affairs if he had behaved with tolerable civility to her ; but his career was such that she obtained a divorce, and died about six weeks ago without leaving him a shilling. Such is M—— of C——, the representative of an ancient and influential family and clan. In consequence of his reduced and beggared state, his clan now look up to G—— as their chieftain, so that poor C—— is deposed from his hereditary honours as well as lands. And yet he has a spirit to bear all this with very great philosophy and nonchalance; and is still a lively social companion, with most gentlemanly and fascinating manners. The poor people speak very highly of his generosity, and say that never any man had a warmer heart ; and that was one cause of his fall, for he never saw distress without relieving it with foolish prodigality. A Scotch lawyer who was on board told me that “excepting in the article of economy,

he was allowed to be vera clever." He shook hands with me very heartily when I left the steamer at the point of Arasaig bay.

The only boat which was going ashore was one that belonged to a young lady, who came with us from Armadale. Her father is a friend of C——'s and a M—— of course; he resides at R—— close to the point where I landed. She herself is about twenty years of age, extremely pretty, and the very picture of cheerfulness and health. In return for her politeness I assisted her up the rocks: and on learning that I was about to walk with my knapsack four miles to Arasaig, she said "I am very sorry that I have no boat to offer you but"—Of course I would not listen to any proposition of this kind, and indeed having become rather cold in the steamer, I greatly preferred walking; so apologizing for my intrusion and thanking her for her Highland politeness, I bade her adieu, and in less than an hour was at Arasaig.

Mrs. Fraser, seeing me rather wet (for there had been some smart showers) insisted on my coming into her parlour, and drinking a glass of brandy; this is the highest compliment one can receive in this district, where that liquor is very dear and difficult to be procured. This poor woman I think I mentioned lost her husband a short time ago. His boat was floated into the bay turned upside down. He left her with a large

family of very young children, whom she has now to support.

Sept. 8.—Mrs. Fraser procured for me a very good cart, which conveyed me within ten miles of Fortwilliam. The rocks and woods of Clanranald are enchanting, and I think I derived more pleasure from inspecting them the second time, than I did when I first passed through. It is impossible to find more exquisite studies for the painter, than these alienated domains of the Highland Chieftain present. The pendent boughs and silvered stem of the birch, the light and tender foliage of the ash, the dark leaved oak, and the bushy nut, with here and there the bright scarlet berries of the mountain ash, assemble into beautiful and varied groups; while strewn more humbly on the soil, the blossoms of the heath, and the plume-like frond of the fern are enlivened by the yellow spire of the St. John's wort, or the clustered disk of the tansey. And what a power and vigour of vegetation reigns among these dew-besprinkled hills! what a lustrous and living green does every plant assume! what bright and spotless colours in their blossoming! what unrestrained and graceful direction in their stems!

But as we approach Glenfinnan the aspect of the country changes. The trees become more rare, and insignificant, the growth of a few years; and the mountains, at last, are clothed only with fern and heather;

save where on some lonely eminence, the blackened trunk and stiffened limbs of some patriarchal oak remain to tell the tale of primeval generations and forests swept away. And for whom ! For him whose monument now greets my eye, marking the point where he met those few, and faithful, and daring followers in arms, when he first unfurled the standard of war. Over the waters of this quiet loch he came in his barque ; at that point his prow must have touched the shore ; it was at the pebbled beach that he leaped on what he deemed his own and his father's land ; and on that grassy flat he received the welcome, the homage, and the oaths of allegiance, of the gallant Camerons. How many a heart, that then beat high with the hope of victory and the thirst of fame, was soon to become cold and decaying ! There is something in the story of this unfortunate prince that is to me painfully interesting ; and though there were traits in his character which one would not willingly imitate, yet his patient and cheerful spirit under affliction, presents a model even for a Christian minister.

I had a pleasant walk to Fortwilliam, where Cameron, the landlord of the Caledonian, contrived to get me a room. After so long an absence from my portmanteau, I find the few books it contains a perfect treasure.

Sept. 9.—I have this day travelled in the steamer through the great Caledonian Canal to Inverness.

Perhaps I am scarcely qualified to judge dispassionately of its attractions, after rambling so long among the sublimer regions of Skye; yet I think no one can deny that they are, at all events, monotonous. The straightness of the great glen is very remarkable; either way you look between two parallel ranges of similar mountains, succeeding each other with the greatest regularity, in a prolonged vista. The whole reminded me very much of the series of images reflected from two parallel looking glasses. The first part of the line consists of a canal from which Ben Nevis is seen to great advantage; but this morning he had put on his nebular diadem. There are some fine ruins of Glengarry Castle on Loch Oich and Castle Urquhart on Loch Ness, particularly the latter; and the fall of Fyers is well worth visiting. But all these things are known to every body, and I think their beauty has been greatly over-rated. I was very sorry to learn that the Canal does not answer the commercial expectations that were anticipated from its construction; this appears to be chiefly owing to their having made the depth of the Canals much less than was originally intended, so that vessels of considerable burden are prevented from entering.

Sept. 10.—I have nothing to record this day, but that it rained without ceasing from morning to night.

Sept. 11.—Craig Phadrick is a vitrified fort within two miles of Inverness, and being considered as a good

specimen of these singular structures, I made a point of examining it as soon as possible. It is placed on a commanding eminence, and consists of a parallelogram, eighty feet by thirty feet, enclosed by a low wall. This wall is generally concealed by the encroaching turf, but here and there its component materials are exposed to the eye of the observer. They appear to be cinders or scorizæ, agglutinated by the action of fire, so as in this case to give great compactness to the wall; and those stones which have not been thus far transmuted from their original state, still bear evident tokens of having been subject to an intense heat. There are traces of a similar wall, or fence, surrounding the one I have described, at a short distance below it on the slope of the hill. Within the interior parallelogram there is a well-spring. Fir trees are now growing all around the fort, and some stand upon the wall itself.

Such is the appearance of this vitrified fort. In other cases, the vitrification is more partial; and sometimes strings of the slag or melted stone, may be seen penetrating the interstices of the inferior blocks. There are forts also, resembling these in every other respect, which present no trace whatever of the vitrifying process. The common belief is that the forts were places of strength constructed by piling up the walls of loose stone, and then by some process, now lost, fusing the whole into a solid and durable mass. That the vulgar should adopt such an opinion is not surpris-

ing; for they are fond of exaggerating the mental and bodily capacities of their ancestors. They love to think that other men are as ignorant as themselves in comparison with those who have passed away. But who can believe that the Picts or Scandinavians, or whatever other barbarous tribe may have erected these singular forts—who can believe that *they* were in possession of chemical power beyond the research of the moderns? It is true that some valuable arts have been lost to mankind, but these arts have been invented and practised, not by piratical or pastoral hordes, but by nations the most civilized and refined. Besides it is expressly stated that the vitrification is frequently partial, which is a conclusive argument against the skill and science of the constructors.

The most plausible theory seems to be that which represents these remains as so many beacon-stations, where vast fires were lighted to give notice of the approach of some incursion of the Danes or Northmen. A regular chain of them seems to be traced across the country.

In the evening after having walked to the Islands in the Ness which are prettily wooded, and seen the castellated building now being erected for Jail and other County Business, I drove over in a gig with another gentleman to Nairn. When we arrived, we understood that Dr. Wardlaw, the celebrated Independ-

ent Preacher of Glasgow, was preaching: and we immediately went to hear him. His sermon was written, and very long, though we only came in for the half of it. Many parts were highly eloquent, and upon the whole the verbiage was simple; but the ideas and connections were far too complicated for his audience, several of whom very naturally fell asleep. The singing as usual, was abominable; I do wonder at their wretched taste. This Dr. Wardlaw has published a work called "Christian Ethics" which is highly spoken of, and many others.

Sept. 12.—A coach conveyed me through torrents of rain to Elgin. One of the young Brodies of Brodie, was my fellow traveller, a fine spirited little fellow. He is now at Harrow; and is destined for Cambridge, about which he made many inquiries. In return for this information, and for the protection which my umbrella afforded him, he told me the names of all the houses and places of note. He said that his family were still in possession of an ancient charter, whereby Robert Bruce granted to his ancestors certain lands in that neighbourhood.

Arrived at Elgin I set off immediately for the Cathedral in spite of rain and wind. It is a magnificent ruin, seen to great advantage in consequence of the labours of Johnny Shanks. This old man has had the merit of clearing away thousands of loads of rub-

bish with his own hands, and rescuing some of the finest portions of the edifice from concealment. Many fragments, and beautiful specimens of carving and sculpture he has "howket up," and arranged along the sides of the choir, or round the chapter house. Two of these were so curious that I have brought away sketches of them; one represents the serpent emerging from the tree of knowledge; the other, a witch riding on the moon. There are many others of the same grotesque character. The old man himself is one of the greatest curiosities about the place; he is indefatigable in his researches, and is justly proud of his labours. On some one's remarking to him that he was quite an antiquarian, he replied "Indeed ye may weel say that." Alexander of Badenoch, commonly called the wolf of Badenoch, burnt this Cathedral to the ground, and is therefore the special abhorrence of Johnny Shanks; to give vent to his indignation, the old man has placed at the summit of one of the towers a grinning face which he has picked out of the ruins, and has made it look towards the former residence of "the Wolf." A lion also looks wrathfully from another eminence towards the same quarter. The Barons of the Exchequer have very properly made this enthusiastic 'Old mortality,' conservator of the Ruins. The proportions of the Cathedral are beautiful; the arched entrance superb; the two great towers on each side of it very imposing; the choir at the proper extremity richly decorated; and the chapter-house beside

it, octagonal in form, most elegantly groined, and supported by a central clustered pillar. Many of the inscriptions on the tombs were highly interesting ; and indeed it is impossible to glance on any spot within these venerable precincts without excitement. After sketching till my hands were benumbed with cold, and my book almost spoiled by the rain, I was fairly driven out by the weather. It is too late in the season to enjoy a scene like this, every portion of which should be pondered and digested. As it was, I did little more than listen to the old man's story of how "good Bishop Moray laid the first stone on the nineteenth day of *Jully*, in the year one thousand two hundred and twenty four, and that's six hundred an' eleven year ago an' more;" and how "the Monks had a fine long dry walk, a' round the wa's o' the buleding," &c. &c.

I returned by the mail at three o'clock to Inverness. Just before we came to Nairn, we passed by the Hard Muir, where tradition says that the witches met Macbeth and Banquo ; the precise spot on which the interview took place is marked by a cluster of dark Firs, whose peeling bark and mirky shadows, form no inapt memorials of the "skinny lips," and mystic vaticinations of "the weird sisters."

On entering Macdonald's Hotel at Inverness, I immediately inquired whether Col. W—— was still here, and was sorry to hear that he had gone back to Fort

William. I had dined with this gentleman the day before, and had been much delighted with his conversation. He is a remarkably fine man, about sixty years of age, short grey hair, whiskers and moustache, dark complexion. A soldier in make as well as by profession, his manners are singularly gentle and unobtrusive; and they are the more striking from the strong and warrior-like appearance of his frame. He reminded me of the Douglas 'tender and true,' courteous in peace, and brave in war. He had travelled into every quarter of the globe, and his account of the little difficulties he had to endure in travelling through Persia, Armenia, and Circassia, was highly amusing. When I bade him adieu previous to my setting out for Elgin, he expressed a hope that we should meet again, and thought we probably should in Edinburgh. For the present however I have lost him.

Sept. 13.—This morning being Sunday, I have had the very great pleasure of attending the Church of England Service. It was performed in a very neat little Church, by a Scotchman. He was a fair reader, and gave a good explanatory sermon on the uses of the Mosaic Law; but it was *all* explanatory, with no practical address. There was one curious innovation, adopted probably out of deference to the Scottish Presbyterian notion; he himself gave out the Psalm, and read the two first lines of it. He also wore white gloves. The singing was excellent, and the organ

respectable. The reading desk and pulpit were both in the chancel; the altar between them. Over the whole a mitre was placed, to symbolize the Episcopal church; I thought this would have been as well away. The audience was numerous and consisted almost entirely of gentry.

In the afternoon, notwithstanding the rain, which has continued with little intermission ever since I first came to Inverness, I took a walk to the Druidical Temple near Leys Castle, about three miles off. It is situated in the centre of a small detached wood of Fir trees, not on an insulated eminence, but at the extremity of a ridge. It consists of two circular rows of stones, with feeble indications of a third intermediate; all being concentric. The outer circle is composed of large upright stones placed at considerable intervals; and of these there are two cut into regular square form much higher than the others, (particularly the western one) and situate at something like the East and West points, but not accurately. Next to the large upright western stone, and the next in the circle proceeding northwards, is another equal in size nearly, but procumbent. The inner circle is formed of smaller stones very closely arranged, and inclined inwards; there are two interruptions in it, both towards the South-west; the one directly opposite the great western stone; the other having a number of stones leading from it towards the centre of the circle.

It was long supposed that this and other remains of a similar character, were Druidical; but the best antiquarians consider them as the work of Danish Pirates; whose first business, when they made any settlement, was to erect one of these temples for the double purpose of transacting religious and state affairs.

Sept. 14.—When I entered the breakfast room this morning, I found a young man reading the newspaper to a gentleman, whose peculiarly-shaped dark spectacles at once told the tale of blindness. My poor Father! I at once resolved to introduce myself; but before I found an opportunity I had time to examine his personal appearance more exactly. He was very tall and finely proportioned; perfectly upright, with a clear complexion, well formed features, and a most impressively gentleman-like mien. When the young man, whom I took for his son, came to a pause, I asked if “I might be permitted to relieve him; my own Father had been blind for many years previous to his death, and therefore I was familiar with the task.” He seemed pleased with my offer but would not accept it; so we sat down to breakfast together. I said “I fear, Sir, from the ease with which you contrive to help yourself, that you have long been deprived of sight.” “Yes, for nearly forty years; I lost it from a gunshot wound at the age of twenty. But I do very well, and make the best of it.” We then spoke of Scotland and the Continent; and he seemed interested in the account I gave him of

Northern Italy and the Tyrol. At the close of our conference, he asked me if I was going farther North, and on my explaining that I was obliged to go the other way for letters that I expected, he said that I *might* come to Scotland again, and if so, he hoped I would not fail to pay him a visit. His name was Capt. M——, and he described his residence near A—— in C——, very particularly. He saw I had mistaken the young man for his son, and said “I am a Bachelor, and amuse myself with farming; my Brother to whom I sold my estate, has a beautiful place near me, and is worth four thousand pounds a year.” The invitation was given so cordially that I am resolved to avail myself of it if I revisit this very interesting country.

Bidding adieu to my new acquaintance, I set off in a gig for Cawdor Castle, (fourteen miles,) It is seated upon a rock and overhangs a little torrent. The square tower is ancient but surrounded with comparatively modern buildings; the drawbridge over the surrounding moat is curious. But there is nothing picturesque in the Castle itself, though it is situate among magnificent trees; and all its interest depends upon the traditionary lore connected with it. Here it is said that the gracious Duncan was murdered by Macbeth; and the bed whereon the deed was perpetrated was preserved till lately, when a fire destroyed all this portion of the edifice, except the bare walls. However willingly every lover of Shakespear would believe this legend, (though by the way our bard makes the Castle

at Inverness the scene of action) it seems clear that the King was murdered in a smithy, near Elgin or Inverness. Macbeth died at the former place and was buried at Iona, so that probably I have walked over his dust. There is a singular place of concealment between the ceiling and roof in a different part of the castle, called Lovat's hall, accessible only by going out on the roof and scaling a wall eight feet high. In this retreat old Lord Lovat remained after the battle of Culloden, till obliged by the strict search his enemies were making for him through the castle, to let himself down an amazing height by a rope. He escaped to Morar, but was there apprehended, and afterwards executed. In the dungeon was shewn a hawthorn tree still rooted in the earth, and extending its well seasoned stem to the roof; it is said to be coeval with the castle; the story being that the founder was miraculously directed to build his tower at the third hawthorn tree, where an ass laden with a chest of gold should stop. The remains of the chest, a coat of mail, and a Lochaber axe are shewn to the stranger.

Sept. 15.—Though I had passed over Culloden moor, and had glanced at Clava yesterday, I determined on devoting this spare day to a more full examination of these interesting localities.

To begin with the first. It should properly be called Drummosie Muir, but since the battle it has always

retained the name of the house where the prince had his head quarters. I think no one who looks around upon this almost level waste, can help wondering that Highlanders should be brought to it by choice as a battle ground ; especially against a force greatly superior in cavalry. But here the stand was made ; and here whole ranks of Highlanders were swept away by the cannonade, before they made their last, and their only most impetuous and desperate charge. But in vain ! for though they annihilated the front line of the Duke, they were bayoneted to death by the second line. If they had been more united in council and in action, the case might have been different. The Macdonalds, affronted at being placed on the left, refused to advance ; one of their chiefs, Keppoch exclaimed "My God, have the children of my tribe deserted me !" and rushing into the thickest of the enemy, this noble gentleman soon perished by their swords. Lord George Murray did all that an intrepid but mistrusted General could do ; but without a ready obedience is given to his orders, the ablest commander can do no more than the common soldier. I do not wonder at the Prince desponding so early of success ; nor at his refusal to take a personal share in the engagement. He never shewed any symptoms of timidity either before or after this unfortunate day.

There is but little upon the moor to mark the spot where so fierce a conflict took place, yet what there is

claims the deepest attention. In the midst of the heather, now embrowned by the autumn, is seen a long line of turf, slightly raised above the general level, and of a brilliant green. This is the tomb of the brave men who fell at Culloden. No stone, or monumental pile, records the names or actions of those beneath the sod. But they live in the memory of their countrymen. Probably many of them fell not in the heat of battle, but were of the number of those who, after lying wounded three days on the field, were then deliberately shot by order of his Royal Highness. The cruelties which this person sanctioned and perpetrated, were such as would disgrace a tribe of cannibals. If these roast their enemies, it is at least for the gratification of eating them. But for him who consigns whole hecatombs to destruction, when the din of war has long been hushed; and who authorises his brutal soldiery to cut down in cold blood an unoffending peasantry; there is no phantom of excuse or palliation. It is useless to urge that he wished to inspire terror by the severity of punishment; for he must have known that the Gael would do the bidding of his chief, even in the face of death; or if he did not know this, he was partly an idiot, instead of an entire brute. If he had selected some of the principal conspirators as examples, few would have blamed him; but since even *they* were gallant gentlemen, acting from the most honourable though mistaken motives, how great a name he might have gained by interceding with the Sovereign even

for these. Victory never wins so much honor and homage from the hearts of men, as when mercy follows in her train. I can forgive Napoleon for his indifference respecting human life; for he never tossed it to the winds but to advance some scheme of ambition. This man, on the contrary, seems to have made himself a butcher without a motive. But I pass to a more agreeable subject.

About a mile to the South-east of Culloden, on the bank of the River Nairn, lies the plain of Clava. It is a perfect flat, surrounded on all sides by moderate hills rising rather abruptly from its level. Part of it is cultivated, but the greater portion is heath; the whole strewn with cairns, Scandinavian circles, and stones of memorial. Its appearance from the heights above the Nairn, is singularly striking, and obliged me to exclaim at once "Lo! Thebes, or Memphis, and the sacred Nile!" Among all these curious remains, the attention is soon arrested by three great cairns surrounded by circles of stones. They very much resemble each other, but I shall describe the most perfect. The great conical heap of small stones is hemmed in at its base by a circle of larger ones fixed in the ground. There is another circle, exterior and concentric to this, the stones of which are enormous; some vertical, and some procumbent. These are arranged at considerable intervals from each other, whereas the stones of the smaller circle touch each other. In the midst of the cairn there

is a hollow chamber, the walls being formed of layers of loose stones, or slabs; and I believe this was domed over originally, though the vaulted portion is now destroyed. To the chamber there is an access by a straight passage towards the south, or south-west.—“Eighteen inches below the floor of the chamber which I have described were discovered two small earthen vessels, or urns, of the coarsest workmanship; but containing calcined bones.” There can be no doubt, therefore, that these cairns were cemeteries, erected to contain the mortal remains, and preserve the memory, of kings or warriors. How singular that the notions of the barbarous Scandinavian should coincide so nearly with those of the polished Egyptian! Other cairns, however, exhibit no traces whatever of funeral rites, and were, perhaps, erected to commemorate some event, or to celebrate some games. Many of the edifices, once reared on this remarkable plain, must have been connected with the popular religion; and often, perhaps, has the blood of a human victim been poured out among them, to propitiate their great divinity, Thor.

Towards the west, in the midst of these pagan structures, there is a mound of an oblong square form, called the Clachan, and supposed to be the remains of an early Christian church. What an interesting object! Here, then, the standard of the Cross was first unfurled, in the very midst of its enemies: the

dark and cruel rites of heathen superstition were replaced by the pure and gentle doctrines of a holier religion, and the ministers of Christ succeeded to the priests of Thor.

Before I dismiss this subject, let me mention a very ingenious suggestion of the Messrs. Anderson, viz. that the circles usually called Druidical temples, (that, for instance, near Leys Castle, before described,) are nothing more than cairns without the loose stones.

September 16.—I rose at the miserable hour of four, this morning, to mount the Perth coach at a quarter before five. The air was bitterly cold, and, in spite of the sun's rising, it did not much improve when we were toiling through the great chain of the Grampians. I intended to stop at Blair Atholl, but finding that there was only a waterfall to detain me, I determined on proceeding to Dunkeld. Till we surmounted the highest part of the Grampians, there was nothing of any interest, save the majestic chain of these mountains themselves, stretching far round the horizon. To this point, all was, with this exception, flat and moorish ground; clothed here and there, however, with fine natural woods of birch. Beyond, all was desolation and grandeur. The hills slope down towards the bed of the Garry, and end abruptly in rugged precipices; through which the impetuous torrent rushes with headlong speed. Great

blocks of stone are strewn in the channel, and lie scattered also upon the heathery hills, telling tales of elemental violence and war. Couched among the fern, within a hundred yards of the road, we saw two fine red deer; we had only a momentary glance through projecting rocks, but it was sufficient to display their fine proportions. It was dark (eight o'clock) before we reached Dunkeld; and having felt the cold most keenly, and been wet with the violent storms which we encountered among the Grampians, I was delighted to leave the coach.

I must not, however, forget my partner in coach-payments. This was a farmer, with whom I agreed that we should alternately pay the coachman sixpence at the end of every stage—that is, threepence each. The coachman is most inconveniently changed with the horses, and unless one makes some compact of this kind, one must give sixpence every time, which is rather hard upon one's pocket. The farmer was a great stout man—a true representative of the Dandie Dinmont tribe. He was really a capital creature: whenever it rained, he insisted upon sitting on that side of me from which the rain came, so as to shelter me as much as possible. He pointed out all the curiosities, singular rocks, and waterfalls that we passed; shewed where the strata changed their inclinations, (for he was a bit of a geologist,) and gave me much information with respect to Highland farming. He

said ten thousand acres was a common size for a farm, and some extended to thirty thousand.

Dr. W——, the Presbyterian Preacher, and his Lady had seats inside the coach; but as long as the rain kept off they sat with me, and the Farmer in front. I could make nothing of the Doctor. His conversation consisted of "That's very pretty," "Very beautiful," and those ordinary exclamations which form the stock in trade of Messieurs les Voyageurs in general. His Lady also, whom I wrapped up in half my cloak and thereby caught a wretched cold, though very chatty, was likewise very common-placy.

On the box was a young spark, who clearly was a personage of some importance in his own estimation. He was going to Trinity next October, but he had four or five balls in different counties to attend first. He should keep a servant or two; but he should not stay more than a year, just to see what the place was like. When he had done with this rattle, I told him I hoped he would excuse me, as an old Cambridge man, if I ventured to give him a little advice. I then informed him that almost all the young men of fortune and consequence now entered the list with the rest, and often earned literary fame and honours, instead of wasting their time in trifling or worse pursuits. And I subjoined a caution about making his first friendships, which I always endeavour to impress upon every one who is for

the first time entering into that scene of temptation and danger. He took it all in very good part, and I suppose was even pleased with this unexpected sermon, for he gave me an invitation to come and see him at R——.

September 17.—The Duke of Atholl's policies are the finest and best-timbered in Scotland. The first thing of note which struck me after entering was the venerable Cathedral Tower embosomed in noble trees. Near it is the first Larch ever planted in this country; it was brought from Switzerland; was long an inhabitant of the green house; and was at length transplanted to this spot, where it has attained a prodigious size, and height, measuring fifteen feet in girth, two feet above the ground. It is the patriarch and monarch of its tribe. Near the Cathedral remains, the late Duke planted several more; and upon his whole estate, with other trees, he has planted thirty millions. What a benefactor to posterity! He had begun a noble house in the gothic style, but the walls were only raised to the first story, when he was cut off from all mortal pursuits; so true it is that men build halls sixty by forty, forgetful of that which is six by two. It is lamentable to behold so magnificent a commencement assuming already the aspect of a ruin. The lime is beginning to ooze from the crevices, and to stain the goodly stone; while the straw, laid thickly on the unfinished walls, betokens that the frost is corroding the masonry. The

great offices erected for the workmen are closed and tenantless; and the silence of these woods is no longer broken by the cries of the builders and the noises of their instruments. But painful as it is to behold these things, it is still more so to reflect on the moral ruin of their unfortunate inheritor; he has long been confined in consequence of decided lunacy. His brother will in time be the possessor of his title and property.

Crossing the Tay, the most majestic river I have seen in Scotland, the guide led the way to the Hermitage; a small building erected on a projecting rock so as to command a beautiful view of the falls of the Braan. A picturesque bridge is thrown over the stream as it dashes downwards; and the whole, when seen in a small mirror, reduced in size, exhibits a most exquisite picture. It is curious as exhibiting a solution of that most difficult of all problems to the painter; how to represent water running in the opposite direction to the spectator. I now left the guide who told me that I should have to pay twopence toll at the bridge; a great nuisance as I had now nothing but large notes about me.

Proceeding onwards in the way he directed me I came to the Rumbling Brig, another bridge thrown over a narrow chasm, through which the Braan rushes after a fine fall. Its name is derived from the circumstance of its being sensibly shaken by the concussion of the

water against its supporting rocks. Just as I came to the spot, I saw a young Scot stepping on the road, and I asked him if it was possible to descend. "I canna say it's no possible, but it's vera deefficult." The way down is very singular, the roots of the trees forming handles to help one's passage; so very conveniently are they placed, that it is almost hard to believe their position accidental. The view from the rocks below is superb, and well worth getting dirty and wet for; but I was repaid in another way for my trouble, and in more substantial coin. Having gotten into an awkward place in reclimbing, I cast my eyes about for a helping root, when I discovered a penny. "Well," thought I "this is fortunate; if I could but find another, my toll is paid." I soon hit upon a half-penny, and after that upon another half-penny; making up the desirable two-pence. "Now if all this treasure does not belong to the Scot; or if I can't catch him to ascertain the fact, I shall indeed be Hans in luck." I really kept a sharp look out for him and walked fast; but he must have gone the other way, for I saw no more of him, and so made no further scruple in applying the treasure-trove to my own necessities. There is an old proverb that says "luck in one thing is luck in another;" I wish it may prove so.

September 18.—The pass of Killiecrankie occurs at a short distance on this side of Blair Atholl. From the bed of the Garry the mountains rise very abruptly,

especially on the western side ; where for the most part the rock is quite bare. The base of it, however, and nearly the whole of the eastern mountain, is covered with graceful birches ; some growing erect and stately, others drooping in the most fantastic forms over the projecting rocks. At the end of this pass, where it terminates in the Blair or plain of Atholl, the famous battle of Killiecrankie took place ; at the close of which in the very moment of victory, that most accomplished but sanguinary general, Dundee, lost his life. He had allowed Mackay to defile through the pass in order to give his Highlanders the opportunity of making their tremendous charge. I ought to have mentioned all this the day before yesterday, but I unaccountably forgot the subject, when writing ; I am the more surprised at this, because I sometimes accuse myself of taking too much pleasure in examining and describing these battle scenes.

To-day I have journeyed from Dunkeld to Killin. At Aberfeldy I stopped to see the Falls of the Moness. They are indeed exquisitely beautiful ; especially the middle one. It consists of a long series of cataracts some vertical, some slanting ; with enormous precipices above, appearing to converge over the highest fall. From the crevices of the rocks, hang pendent birch and ash, whose colours are rendered vividly green by the perpetual spray. Higher still, the gloomy pine

and the sturdy oak contribute by the density of their foliage to give breadth and shadow to the picture.

Attractive as are the natural beauties of the Moness Falls, they assume a still higher charm from being associated with the muse of Burns. There is a rapture in treading the same footsteps with genius—in being where it has been : to breathe the same air, to press the same ground, to gaze on the same objects—all these are so many cords of union, enabling us to scan its loveliness more steadily, and to become familiar with its might. And what a genius did Scotland neglect in Robert Burns ! who ever felt the thirst of fame, or the pride of independence, the sacred fervor of patriotism or the melting tenderness of love—who ever felt these things, and read one page of these strains, so nobly free, so wildly sweet, without bursting into his own heartfelt and eloquent exclamation, “ come to my arms my friend an’ brither.” The works of many modern poets have afforded me extreme delight ; but I have never felt any strong desire to become acquainted with the authors—not so with Robert Burns : I rarely rise from the perusal of his poems without a mental ejaculation, “ How I should have liked to know that man !” But it is time to bid adieu to him and “ the birks of Aberfeldy.”

At Kenmore we come in sight of Loch Tay, a majes-

tic sheet of water ; and close by is Taymouth Castle, the residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane. It is modern, but handsome ; and built with tolerable taste. There are some curious family portraits, especially one of Sir Colin Campbell, the famous black knight of Rhodes, who was the founder of this powerful branch of the clan Campbell. The grounds near the Castle are a little formal ; but the trees are superb, each being in itself a fine picture. The Tay sweeps through the lawns, and a little beyond it rises a wooded hill, which is now beginning to exhibit the hues of autumn. The views over Loch Tay from some of the points are considered "the finest in Scotland." They are indeed enchanting, so that I was agreeably disappointed ; for this expression generally means nothing more than that you can see a very long way, beauty being considered identical with extension, just as among the Hottentots.

As to Killin, where I am now scribbling, I can say nothing about it yet, for I entered, as usual, in torrents of rain. For the last three weeks there has been a constant series of wet weather in the East of Scotland ; and I have had occasion to use my umbrella every day since I arrived at Inverness : however fair the sky may look, I am not such a fool as to leave it behind me now.

September 19.—Killin deserves all the encomiums that have been lavished upon it. The firs, beech, and

birch, upon broken mounds, form an endless variety of fine foregrounds, the lake and distant mountains filling up the picture. Fingal is said to be buried here, and a rough stone, in a corn field, is said to mark the spot where the hero lies. The churchyard, which is quite detached from the kirk, contains many very ancient tombs; the prevailing device upon them being the death's head and cross-bones.

The Falls of the Lochy are situate three miles from the Inn, and well repay the trouble of a walk. They consist of six cataracts, arranged into two groups, three and three, with a deep circular pool intermediate. Standing on a prominent rock, overhanging the lower series, one commands a splendid view of the whole. There is a singular variety in the mode in which the water descends these several falls, as to height, form, and inclination. Its colour, when not shivered into spray, is a bright sienna, in consequence of the late violent rains; and from the same cause its quantity is very imposing. The intervening pool is deep, and dark, and troubled; and it is amusing to watch the foam-bells floating on its surface: some are hurried down and obliterated in the lower cascades, to be regenerated below, after their turbulent transit; while others, collected into the little bays and inlets of the shore, form masses of dazzling whiteness, cradled and rocked upon the gloomy surface of the heaving waters. The crags, at first bare, or concealed only by the hardy

lichen, have their summits adorned chiefly with oaks, which being perpetually refreshed by the rising spray, exhibit the purest and most brilliant hues. In short, the whole is a masterly composition of grey rocks, green trees, and bright waters.

As I journeyed on to Callander, I left the gigantic cone of Benmore on my right, and soon beheld the summit of Ben Voirlich in front. I am approaching classic lands. Meanwhile, let me not omit to record the beauties of Loch Lubnaig, or the Crooked Lake, which supplies many a grand and inviting subject for the painter ; and the sublimities of the Pass of Leni.

September 20.—A most wretched day,—nothing but storms. This, however, is not of any consequence, inasmuch as being the Sabbath, I do not mean to proceed. I have attended the kirk, where a most extraordinary sermon, two hours long, was dealt forth extempore. In the middle of it a psalm was sung, in order to give the preacher breath. The proper subject of it was the purport of the Mosaic Law, but he contrived to introduce a thousand others. *Before* the blessing, several little boxes on handles were handed about to collect offerings for the poor. Every one seemed to think it indispensable to give something ; so that a considerable sum must have been collected in half-pence.

September 21.—The morning proved to be very propitious, and I therefore once more commenced pedestrian, and walked to the Trosach's house. The road passing to the left of Ben Ledi, or "the Hill of God," soon brings us to Coilantogle Ford, the scene of the combat between Fitzjames and Rhoderick Dhu. Soon Loch Venachar comes into view, but has no very great claims to admiration: above it, where the road diverges from its banks, is Lanrick Mead, the mustering place of the Clan Alpin. Then follows a lovely burst of Loch Achray, at whose farther extremity the wooded hills of the Trosachs are grouped into a glorious landscape.

After ten miles journeying, I entered the Trosachs house, and leaving my knapsack, went forth with Mr. F—— and his daughter to explore the beauties of Loch Katrine. To this gentleman I introduced myself in a very summary manner, by walking into his parlour which I took for the public room. He was alone, and on my stating that I meant to proceed to the Lake, he said that he would accompany me, and bring his daughter with him. Accordingly, the young lady was summoned—about eighteen, not pretty, but lively, and abundantly romantic. We soon found ourselves in the very heart of the Trosachs, or "bristled territory," enclosed between the precipices of Benan and Ben Venue. The former mountain threw up, on our right, his craggy

and blunted cone, while the latter sent down, from his sides, detached and ridge-like masses, terminating in bluffs or steep acclivities. The wood is most abundant and varied ; detracting, by its richness and verdure, from the grandeur of the scene ; but adding infinitely more to its loveliness. At length, the Lake, in all the pride of nature and of poetry, gleamed through the trees, just beyond the spot where Fitzjames's horse, "the gallant grey," fell exhausted by the chase. I will not attempt to describe this fairy region, after so great a master as Sir Walter, but will only remark that his seems to me as correct as a *poetical* description is likely to be. Indeed I see no exaggeration in it, save, perhaps, in the "thunder-splintered pinnacles," which expression conveys the notion of acute rocks, not to be seen, save by a poet's eye. Ellen's Isle is about two miles from the east end of the lake ; it is most beautiful, and covered with foliage. Soon after, the lake assumes a less interesting aspect, and we therefore retraced our steps along the rough and watery path. This little walk was about six miles. I spent the evening, after sketching, with these new acquaintances, and was delighted to escape [from the little room into which all single pedestrians, and indeed all those who are unaccompanied by ladies, are obliged to nestle.

September 22.—Rain, continuous and tremendous rain, with furious gusts of wind sweeping down the

sides of Ben Venue. We are all weather bound. I, at last, persuaded Mr. F—— to remain here, instead of daring such a tempest in an open boat. And now that we had decided on retaining our present quarters, what were we to do for amusement?—An odd volume of *Tristram Shandy* served for an hour. I read it aloud, but with the due precaution of examining well what was coming. Then we obtained from the waiter a quantity of old cards, out of which we contrived, by great assiduity and skill in the use of the penknife and pen, to form a complete pack. Well! who was to play?—Could the waiter find us a substitute for dummy?—Oh yes, there was a gentleman and lady who wanted company very much, and they were ushered in accordingly. Mr. M——, an old East Indian, and his daughter, I suspect, an old maid. She declined the whist table, and so we four sat down. We played for love, at least not for money. But we were not sufficient enthusiasts to find amusement in this pastime long, and at last resolved, in spite of wind and weather, to have a promenade. Of course we saw nothing, and were quite wet through: so much the better, for we had variety, at all events, and something whereon to discourse thereafter.

The little inn in which we suffered this blockade, is the only one within ten miles, and is therefore crowded throughout the season. There are but three sitting rooms—one for pedestrians and gentlemen, another for promiscuous parties of both sexes, and a

third which is reserved for extraordinary occasions, such as the arrival of a coronet. The bed-rooms are all doubly furnished, except in those cases where the original room has been divided into two, by a partition which abuts upon the window; allowing half a window to each closet. The division is so thin, that, in fact, it is nothing whatever more than a screen, hiding the two occupiers from each other's eyes—not ears. In the summer, such crowds arrive here, that many are compelled to shift with something far worse than this; a dozen of them occasionally sleeping on “shake-downs,” in the sitting room. The weather being by far the most important study going on within this curious hive, there are no less than three barometers in the house; not one of which, however, is good for any thing; the worthy tourists in their efforts to procure favourable prognostics have so bethumped the poor machines, that they are all completely out of order.

September 23.—The weather to our great delight seemed extremely favourable, and we therefore at eight o'clock walked to Loch Katrine, and took our seats in the passage boat. The party consisted of Mr. F—— and his daughter, three brothers, Messrs. B——, Scotchmen, an Irishman, and an American, with myself. The boat had four oars, and I undertook to steer; but did not shew myself so expert in that office as the old boatman desired; for the scenery attracted so much of

my attention that I forgot the rudder, the boat, and all it contained. The wind was extremely violent, hurrying the clouds along the sky, and here and there piling them on each other till they burst in torrents of rain. But though we saw many a flying storm, we were so fortunate as to escape them all, and to enjoy, unmolested, the grand and imposing scenes around us.

It is I think impossible to view Loch Katrine under more favourable circumstances, than those which attended us. The sudden and unexpected lights thrown down on the rugged mountains, the dark storms that swept along their sides, the blue waters of the fairy lake now curled into snowy foam by the rushing wind, and now snatched up into one long-continued sheet of flying spray—all these, and a thousand other airy beauties, transient and indescribable, were perpetually passing in array before us.

We soon bade adieu to the Trosachs, which as beheld reflected in the sheltered bay present a vision more lovely than ever painter sketched, or poet sung—it defies all description, even Sir Walter's. We passed by Ellen's Isle—an isle of rock, and verdant trees—so beautiful!—so lonely!—and looked back towards the lofty summits of Benan and Ben Venue. Then we approached the western shore, over which are seen the magnificent mountains beyond Loch Lomond; and leaving the boat, all set out to walk to Inversnaid on

that Loch, a distance of five miles. I thought this a good walk for the young lady, but she made nothing of it.

On descending to Loch Lomond we perceived that the surface of it was violently agitated by the wind, which was much more powerful here than on Loch Katrine. The men, whose duty it was to put us on board the steamer, stated that this was impossible in such weather, and that the steamer itself dare not leave the opposite shore. This proved to be the case, for we soon had the mortification of seeing her pass by us without notice, and keeping close in to the western side. to add to our misfortunes, the rain now commenced, and we had these three resources. We might return as we came; but nobody would hear of walking back five miles, and being rowed eight more in such weather; we might stay at Inversnaid, a wretched hovel with broken windows, and a host of rats who had the assurance to carry on their squeaks and quarrels all around while we were taking a little whiskey; or, lastly, we might walk ten miles over a mountain path along the flank of Ben Lomond to Rowerdinnan, where there was a good Inn. A guide whom we consulted said, that a pony could not be taken this way; what then was to become of the young lady? The elder B——, who was a minister and a rather corpulent man, and had never been from home before in his life, groaned in spirit; the American looked miserable; the Irishman said

nothing. But Miss F—— declared that she could walk ten miles very easily ; and her resolution animating the others, we at last all set out for Rowerdinnan. I who had lately been so much on the mountains knew very well what we had to encounter ; and I could not help feeling very apprehensive for this poor girl ; but her spirit was invincible, and she not only accomplished this most arduous task herself, but by her example encouraged and shamed into similar exertion some who would otherwise have given up in despair. The rain was incessant, and occasionally was borne along in sheets by the gusts of wind. The path also, was very trying ; sometimes ascending a long way up the mountain where its slope to the loch was precipitous ; sometimes leading over burns, across which there was either no bridge at all, or merely a couple of slippery poles. My whiskey flask was very serviceable, being the only one in the party. The American was the sole person besides myself who carried his own knapsack ; the B——s took a carpet-bag between them part of the way ; but soon got assistance from one of the little huts that we passed.

With such a numerous party, of course our progress was not very quick ; but the lady was by no means the last. It was impossible to give her any assistance, because the path admitted only one person. Three of us at last agreed to walk forward without the guide, and make the people at the Inn prepare fires and

dinner. This was of much service to the others. All the party at length arrived in safety, and soon changed their dress. Mr. F—— and the second Mr. B——, borrowed trousers of the landlord, the others were provided with things of their own, except the minister and myself. We were obliged to resume our wet coats and trousers, a marvellously uncomfortable plan. But a good dinner and a merry party soon made us forget our hardships or remember them only as jests. Mr. F—— was President, and I was Vice-President. I took the earliest opportunity of proposing a bumper to the health of the young lady who had so heroically achieved a perilous journey, and had cheered us all by her fortitude and courage. This toast was drunk with great applause. We began to look back to history in order to discover some parallel to our mountain march. One of us instanced the passage of the Alps by Hannibal; another the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon; a third that of the French under Ney; but all these were abandoned as not rising sufficiently near the sublime. The evening was concluded in great hilarity to which port and whiskey contributed considerably.

September 24.—We all met in good spirits and health at the breakfast table. The morning was lowering and rainy; but Mr. F—— and his daughter resolved to ascend Ben Lomond, and actually set out with the B——s in spite of all I could say on the

excessive folly of such a scheme. However it ended, just as I expected, by their returning in a quarter of an hour well pelted by the rain. They now agreed to go with me by the steamer to the top of the Loch, and accordingly we were put on board. The weather most fortunately cleared, and the sun shone once more, cheerily and brightly.

I was enchanted with this majestic sheet of water, especially with the upper portion of it. Here the mountains rise more boldly from the lake, and exhibit scenery truly sublime. The great ranges of Ben Lomond on the East, and of Ben Voirlich on the North, catch the eye at once by their impressive grandeur; and on the western shore the mountains, though less lofty, are still more wild and picturesque in their outlines. Ben Arthur is very extraordinary; on its summit is a singular rock called the Cobbler from its resemblance to a man of that craft. Rob Roy's cave is on the eastern side, a mile above Inversnaid: we saw the entrance to it distinctly, a mere aperture among masses of broken rock. Near the upper extremity on the opposite coast is an immense block of stone, out of which a very small rude chamber has been carved; in this a minister is obliged to do duty three times a year; but in reality the service is much more frequent. There is only room in so small a Kirk for the minister and a few of the elders; the mass of the congregation stand unsheltered without.

The southern extremity of the Loch is altogether of another character; the mountains recede from each other, and thus display an ample surface of water; they also are less bold and lofty, assuming the aspect of beauty, instead of sublimity. Many a wooded island lies sleeping in the placid lake, which reflects every rock and tree with the fidelity of a mirror. The sun sets brightly over the western hills, illuming the summits of Ben Lomond with his glorious rays; the shadows are growing longer and longer; and the grey of twilight is stealing on the eastern clouds.

Passing the residence of Smollett, we arrived at Balloch, where I remained for the night. I parted with Mr. F—— and his daughter, who were going on to Glasgow. He gave me a very cordial invitation to come and see him, in order that he might shew me a coal-mine. Thus, at last, I have contrived to see this celebrated lake, which most richly merits the praises which it has received. It combines in itself an epitome of all the other Scotch lakes, and from the great variety of its scenery, ranks justly pre-eminent among them all.

September 25.—Another equinoctial day, with rain and furious wind. I asked the captain of the steamer whether he would undertake to land me at Rowerdinnan, (in which case I should have ascended Ben Lomond, if clear weather; or walked over its shoulder to Aberfoil)

but the Scot would not promise, saying the wind was hard on the eastern shore. I had therefore no alternative but to get back to Callander by land. I hired a gig to Aberfoil; we passed through Drumond: in the house now used as a toll-bar, "the Dougal creature" is said to have lived; and I now found myself in the heart of the territory of the Gregarach. It is a wild moorish tract of country—fit resort for robbers and caterans. There are great numbers of this clan left, to this day, in spite of the cruel and exterminating persecutions directed against it. Those whom I have seen are generally tall dark men, and seem fully capable of resuming the dangerous occupations of their forefathers; but I believe, in reality, that they are as civilised as the rest of the Highlanders.

At Aberfoil, the rain fell in such torrents that I was unable to go up to the Clachan, fearing that night would overtake me before I reached Callander. As I buckled my knapsack on, the grey-headed old landlord advised me not to venture, but on my expressing my determination to proceed, he said, "Aweel, aweel, ye'll be sairly drowkit afore ye win to Callander." Without the slightest doubt of the verity of this prediction, I started, and managed the twelve miles very easily in three hours. The rain was in my back, so that it incommoded me very little; and on arriving at M'Gregor's Hotel I ransacked once more the treasures of my portmanteau.

September 26.—A coach conveyed me through Doune, where there is a fine view of the old castle, to Stirling. The castle here also is the grand object of interest. It is situated on a rock rising precipitously from the plain ; but, in spite of its commanding position, does not form a very picturesque object, in consequence of the heap of modern buildings intruded among the more ancient. In the interior are several points that deserve attention :—the old Parliament House ; the Palace, adorned with grotesque statues ; the Chamber where James II. stabbed the Douglas ; another wherein Queen Mary was confined ; and a third where our own James received lessons of scholastic learning, but not of worldly prudence, from old Buchanan. The dens of the royal lions, and the apertures through which they were fed, are still to be traced. Outside, far below the castle walls, are seen the remains of the King's gardens, terraces arranged into formal shapes, and a round eminence surrounded by circular terraces, where the game of the knights of the round table was sometimes played for the amusement of James V. In a different quarter is the Tilt-yard, where the tournaments were held ; and above it a crag called “the ladies' rock,” from which the gentler sex beheld the rough sports below. Beyond the precincts of the Castle is seen the farm of Ballangeich, well known in the annals of James V.'s frolics. A clear view is here presented also of the field of Bannockburn near St. Ninians, with the Gillies' hill rising above it. Sheriff-

muir is just over the Ochill hills which are seen stretching boldly and beautifully over the rich and varied landscape. The noble Forth meanders in the most fantastic curves through the fertile plain below, and the Grampians are seen far in the distance, rising in successive lines, mountain beyond mountain; while the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey give interest to the foreground.

Just as I was about to mount the Perth coach, I had the pleasure of recognizing an old Gloucestershire friend; how an incident like this draws closer to the heart every tie that unites us to our homes! Heavy showers fell during our ride, but we had notwithstanding very superb views nearly the whole way; but particularly when the plain of Perth bursts suddenly on the eye, the landscape is enchanting, and might well extort from the astonished Romans their well known exclamation; "Ecce Tibur! Ecce Campus Martius!"

September 27.—Attended the Episcopal church where a very fine sermon was delivered by a Mr. Skeat.

September 28.—Scone Palace is two miles from Perth; I walked there before breakfast, taking my chance of admittance. I could not see the interior, but was allowed to walk round the house. It is quite modern, castellated, red, and handsome. The view

from it is beautiful; and this morning I think peculiarly so, for the Grampians are covered with snow, and give a Swiss character to the scene. The only remains of the old palace, consist of a gateway, and two flanking round towers; a low ruin, adorned with coats of arms. Near it is a singular old cross, marking the site, I believe, of the ancient town. Lord Mansfield is at present residing there. The pheasants are numerous and tame as fowls.

Since writing the above I have again walked to Scone with an order from the Factor to see the interior. It contains some valuable paintings, two Rembrandts a portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyck, a Virgin and Child by Guido, &c. &c. Lady Mansfield herself is no mean artist, and several of her Ladyships paintings are exhibited to the stranger; among the rest a portrait of her youngest daughter, extremely interesting. The old Cabinets, chairs, tapestry, &c. preserved from the original palace, are highly curious; Queen Mary's looking glass that must have so often reflected the image of perfect loveliness; and her bed, the quilt of which she wrought with her own royal hand, while a prisoner in Loch Leven Castle, are objects for every mind to moralize on. In the Gallery are many specimens of Italian marble, good sculptures, a sleeping cupid by Chantrey, &c.

While we were examining these, a very elegant girl continued undisturbed at the piano; I was surprised to

learn on inquiry that she was Lord Mansfield's eldest daughter, and could not help casting an involuntary glance at my old weather-beaten shooting jacket. A young man, who had, like myself, come to see the Castle, on learning into what august presence the Major Domo had intruded him, was perfectly in horrors, and insisted on leaving the Gallery directly—"If I am not afraid of bringing you here Sir," said the man of office, "I don't see why you should be so very modest;" and then he went on explaining more fully and loudly every article in the room. But the other would not bear him, and at last we all retired from the presence of the young lady. I never longed so much for a black coat, which would have enabled me to apologise for our involuntary intrusion, and express our gratitude for being allowed to examine the whole castle, even at the expense of interrupting the domestic avocations of its inmates. As the case stood however, I took another look at my old jacket—saw a little rent in front—it would not do!—and followed the rest in silence.

At three o'clock I left Perth by coach for Edinburgh; the road, after leading us through a beautiful glen, passes by the shore of Loch Leven. The island and ruined castle are distinctly seen. Its appearance is mournful and desolate in the extreme, adapting it admirably to the office for which it was employed, a royal prison. Perhaps the keys which the Douglas threw into the lake are still corroding below; and some

chance may even yet, before they are resolved into their elements, bring to light these testimonies of a romantic and perilous escape.

The cold was intense, and seemed to blow through one, in consequence of the violence of the wind ; and it was dark before we reached Queen's-ferry, where we embarked with our luggage in a small steamer. Another stage of nine miles brought us, after a bitter and rainy voyage to the Metropolis of Scotland ; and as we passed along Princes Street, the glimmering lights in the windows of the eight or ten storied houses of the old town on the right, piled one over the other on a precipitous hill, gave one the notion of an illuminated fairy city.

September 29.—Oh ! how beautiful ! how magnificent ! Edina, thou art fairer than all the cities of the earth, for the powers of nature and of man have united in thy decoration ! How finely do the venerable, irregular, and lofty buildings on the one side, ascending, tier above tier, on the crowded hill, contrast with the geometric squares and rectilinear streets, the gardens and the statues on the other ! How the eye delights to dwell on the architectural splendour of Grecian temple or Gothic pile ; and to behold arising frequent from the general mass, minaret and spire, and dome and tower, meet symbols of a christian city ! And with what pre-eminence of majesty does that rock-built fortress stand

firm and peerless over all, bringing home to the memory many a fearful tale of siege and sally and chivalrous emprise! Northward, beyond the Port of Leith, the Frith of Forth rolls down its ample tide, bearing homewards on its bosom the goodly barque, freighted with the produce of other climes: while in the opposite quarter, Salisbury crags, upreared in all the grandeur of desolation, frown over the populous scene below; and higher still soars the lion-like form of Arthur's seat.

Such is the view from Calton Hill: This eminence itself is an extremely picturesque object, being crowned with an unfinished model of the Parthenon, the columns of which shew finely against the azure sky, and also a tall monument to Nelson, the High School, and other buildings of doubtful taste.

I afterwards took a long planless ramble among the avenues and passages of the Old Town, delighting myself with its time-worn tenements, so shattered, yet so aspiring! Sometimes the backs of these are nearly twice as high as the fronts, owing to the very abrupt change in the level of the ground; but the lowest side is lofty compared with ordinary houses. At the distance of about every twenty yards along the main streets there branch off steep, narrow, dark alleys, called "wynds" or "closes," each of them a study for the painter; their curious windows and external staircases supplying all that intricacy which is essential to the picturesque. But

besides all these natural attractions, every spot where I wandered was familiarized and hallowed by associations of History or Romance. Think of Holyrood House, Heriott's Hospital, the Canongate, the Grass-market, the Nether Bow, and a multitude of others—their very names have like Aladdin's lamp, a creative power; and present to the mind's eye in magic array the chronicles and legends of the past.

Where all things claim regard, it is difficult to fix upon a point to commence with. But let us first turn to the Castle, the loftiest and most striking object in the City. Its external appearance, in spite of some unconformable modern buildings, is majestic and threatening; but it has been so forcibly described by Burns that I shall make no scruple in borrowing a stanza :

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
 Like some bold vet'ran, grey in arms,
 And mark'd with many a seamy scar;
 The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd th' invader's shock.

Among the various pieces of Ordnance which from time to time have grinned from the summit of the rock, none is more illustrious than Mons Meg: this enormous

cannon was long the pride of Edinbro', but was at length burst in consequence of being over-loaded, a catastrophe which is humorously described by Ferguson :

Oh willawins ! Mons Meg, for you ;
'Twas firin' crack'd thy muckle mou ;

* * *
* * *

I fear, they bang'd thy belly fu',
Again the law.

Right seenil am I gien to bannin ;
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Could hit a man had he been stannin'

In shire o' Fife,
Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
An' tak his life.

In the 'Old Canteen,' or Soldiers' Pot-house, the stranger is shewn into a little closet, now used as a common drinking room, in which the unfortunate Mary gave birth to James I. and VI. The walls are defaced with stains and inscriptions ; and a few miserable daubs of paintings, suspended from them, add still further to the degradation of the apartment. From the window there is a curious view down to the Grass market, which lies far below, and to which a bell-string is said to have been conducted, in order to announce to the citizens by tolling, the birth of a Prince.

But the most splendid attraction of Edinbro' Castle is the Crown Room, in which are deposited the ancient Regalia of Scotland. The interest attaching to them, however, depends not on their splendour, but on the many momentous historical events with which they are associated. The principal object is the Crown which has overshadowed the brows of so many monarchs, from the heroic restorer of Scottish Independence to the boyish James. For there seems to be good reason for believing that the lower and massy portion, consisting of the purest metal, was the identical golden circlet worn by Robert the Bruce. Lateral ornaments were added by succeeding Monarchs, and at last it assumed its present elegant shape and was closed in at the top, to distinguish this royal badge from the coronets then generally adopted by the nobles. When one of these aspired to regal power, he was said to be about "to close his coronet."

In the time of the Commonwealth the Regalia narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Republicans and were only preserved by the courage, sagacity, and good faith of those to whom they were consigned. At the period of the Union, though a stipulation was inserted in the National Treaty that they should never be removed from Scotland, yet it was deemed prudent to withdraw from the public gaze such explicit tokens of her ancient independence; and they were accordingly deposited in a strong oaken box and walled up in the

apartment which still contains them. Here they remained for one hundred and ten years, secreted, but not forgotten. In one thousand eight hundred and seventeen, in consequence of rumours that they had been abstracted from Edinburgh, Sir Walter, then Mr. Scott, and others memorialized the crown upon the subject, and obtained a commission empowering certain gentlemen to search for them. Accordingly a solemn procession and investigation took place; the result was waited for with the most breathless anxiety by all classes of the people. Success soon attended the scrutiny, and the joyful discovery was announced to the expecting citizens by the hoisting of a flag on the castle walls, and the firing of cannon from the batteries.

Who can wonder at the Scots regarding with such jealous affection the honourable testimonies of their long and oft contested independence? They may indeed be justly proud of those ancestors, who though often conquered in battle and borne down by the weight of a mightier nation, always rose again with irrepressibly elastic courage, and nobly vindicated the freedom of their native hills. But while they reflect with pride on the deeds of their forefathers, and look with veneration upon these emblems of their national honour, they should remember,—and I firmly believe they *do* remember,—that all cause of quarrel between the two nations is now withdrawn—that under such circumstances generous foes always make kindly friends—and that

the hall of the English noble is not more sacred than the hearth of the Scottish peasant.

But we must leave the precincts of the Castle, and step down the Esplanade. At its Eastern extremity, and on the northern side, a little removed from the main causeway, stands the house which was built for his own special occupation by the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*. The central portion is of an octagon shape, and still remains a monument of Allan's architectural taste; but the other part has been so altered by succeeding proprietors, that the whole no longer bears any resemblance to the "Goose-pye," to which it was at first facetiously and provokingly compared by the wags of Edinbro'. The premises still pass under the name of "Ramsay Gardens," and the little street which leads by them is called "Ramsay Lane." Hither then the veteran Poet retired to enjoy, in despite of envy and of criticism, his well-earned fortune and reputation. His wealth he had acquired, partly in his original vocation of Wig-maker, or "Scull-thacker," (as he more humorously expressed it) and partly in that of a Bookseller; in which latter capacity he opened the first Circulating Library in Edinbro', or perhaps in Britain. His poetical fame is known among us Southrons almost solely by his great Poem, the *Gentle Shepherd*, "the sweetest pastoral in any language;" but his loftiest effort is decidedly to be found in "the *Vision*." The admiration with which Burns regarded his writings is well known,

and the compliments bestowed on him by the Ayrshire bard are familiar to all ;

The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan,
But thou's for ever !

This, by the way, was very much Allan's own opinion on the matter : it is extremely amusing to mark the Horatian complacency with which he contemplates the immortality of his own productions. In this quiet retreat, he passed a peaceful and a merry old age ; enjoying his family party, his friend, and his jest—and whyles may be, his “ wee bit drappie,” discreetly : and furnishing to the world the rare example of a wealthy and a prudent Poet.

At the extremity of Castle Hill, the steep street called the West Bow, lately communicated with the Grass market ; but here a great opening has recently been made, by which almost all traces of this very singular and picturesque old street have been swept away. A few of the loftiest houses have been left only half destroyed ; the remainder of them exhibiting to the eyes of the curious an edifying section of the interior. The main street also is under repair ; perhaps in the numerous perforations of the soil for pipes and sewers, chance may lead to some of those subterranean passages, which tradition asserts to exist between the Castle and Holyrood House.

Opposite to this new opening is Blyth's close, one of the tall dark alleys which I have before described. At the bottom of it stands, on the west side, the Palace, and on the east the oratory of Mary of Lorraine, Queen Regent of Scotland at the disturbed period of the Reformation, widow of James and mother of Mary. Defying the various complicated exhalations which, arising from the several entries in the wynd,

"To nostrils gie great discontent,"

I walked down to examine these once important buildings; but so actively have time and poverty been employed in their metamorphosis, that scarce a single vestige of their former character remains.

Further on, directly opposite Bank Street, formerly ran Libberton's Wynd: the County Hall, a beautiful model of an Athenian Temple, now forms the eastern side of it. In this wretched entry, about thirty yards down, on the west side, stood a little Tavern, the favourite resort of Robert Burns during the brief period of his sojourn in Edinbro'. It was afterwards called Burn's Tavern, but all traces of it are obliterated by the late alterations. I walked over the spot where for many a

— night

Rob had got planted unco right,

Fast by an ingle bleezing finely,
 Wi' reamin' swats that drank divinely.

Poor fellow ! all his thoughtless pleasures were transient indeed !

Next comes St. Giles' Church, which, not to be out of fashion, has lately put on an entirely new suit of stone—thus losing all just claim to its familiar appellation of “Auld Saunt Giles.” In the southern aisle of the Old Church (for this is a group of three churches) are the tombs of the sagacious, but unscrupulous, Regent Murray; and of the greater Napier, whose invention of Logarithms advanced the science of calculation as much as Watt's discovery of the Steam Engine did that of Mechanics. There is an inscription on the exterior wall of the church next the High Street, running thus

SEP.
 FAMILIÆ NAPERORV INTERIVS
 HIC SITVM
 EST.

In this neighbourhood formerly stood a cluster of lumbering old buildings, which will long be remembered with interest. Adjacent to the North side of St. Giles were the Luckenbooths, a projecting row of old stone buildings, consisting chiefly of shops. And at the North west corner of the same church, the tall, narrow,

oblong edifice called the Tolbooth, better known as the Heart of Midlothian, stretched directly across the High Street. The executions took place here on a platform looking towards the Castle.

Opposite to the present Royal Exchange, also in the Street, rose the Cross of Edinbro', where many a momentous proclamation was made, and where the merchants assembled to transact their affairs :—

The lawyers eke to Cross repair
 Their wigs to shaw, an' toss an air ;
 While busy agent closely plies,
 An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Even after it was taken down, the men of business for a long while insisted on meeting at the spot, instead of retiring to the less disturbed precincts of the Exchange.

Eastward still, and on the same side of the causeway rose another well known building, the Town Guard-House, the head quarters of

— that black banditti
 The City Guard.

These gentry seem to have been always peculiarly

obnoxious to the random mob of Edinbro', who took every possible opportunity of annoying and insulting them :—

———— the City Guard
 In military art weel lear'd,
 Wi' powder'd pow, an' shaven beard,
 Gang thro' their functions ;
 By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
 O' clarty unctions.

That they succeeded, however, in inspiring fear as well as hatred, is evident from the following :—

Gude fouk ! as ye come frae the fair,
 Bide yont frae this black squad ;
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere
 Allow'd to wear cockad' !
 Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,
 Frae their wanruly fellin' paw
 Mair cause ye hae to fear
 Your death that day.

There is another passage in the writings of the young poet from whom I have already quoted so largely, so drolly illustrative of the state of the High Street in his own times, that I shall make no apology for transcribing it ; only premising that it occurs in the "Mutual com-

plaint o' Plainstones an' Cawsey," and is spoken by the latter :—

For tho' frae Arthur's seat I sprang
 An' am in constitution strang,
 Wou'd it no fret the hardest stane
 Beneath the Luckenbooths to grane?
 Tho' Magistrates the cross discard,
 It maksna, when they leave the Guard—
 A lumbesome an' stinkin' biggin',
 That rides the sairest on my riggin'.
 Poor me o'er mickle do ye blame
 For tradesmen tramplin' on your wame;
 Yet a' your advocates, an' braw fouk,
 Come still to me 'twixt ane an' twa 'clock,
 An' never yet were ken'd to range
 At Charlie's statue or Exchange.

Still passing down the High Street, the next object of interest is the Tron Kirk, which, like its neighbour St. Giles, has been re-cased with stone; it can boast also of a more harmonious bell than that

Wanwordy crazy dinsome thing,

which excited so much indignation in Fergusson :

For when I've toom'd the meikle cap,
 An' fain wou'd fa' oure in a nap ;

Troth I cou'd 'dooze as sound's a 'tap
 Were't no for thee,
 That gies the tither weary chap
 To wauken me.

Lower down, on the opposite side, at the extremity of the Netherbow, a house projects into the street. In this John Knox lodged for some time, and from one of its windows he was in the habit of preaching to the populace below. At the protruding corner of the house there is a rude image of the Scottish Reformer in his pulpit, the whole of which is duly and carefully painted, as occasion requires, by the present tonsorian proprietor. The dates of Knox's birth and death are recorded on the pannel of the pulpit, and on one side of the image is a device representing the sun, on the disk of which the name of God is inscribed in three languages, Greek, Latin, and English. It was, perhaps, from this very abode that he was summoned before Queen Mary and her councillors to answer for a sermon in which he had inveighed against the massacre perpetrated at Vassy, by the Duke of Guise's servants. The firmness of the Protestant champion elicited from the Queen's attendants the involuntary exclamation—"He is not afraid!" To which the old man retorted—"Why should the pleasing face of a gentlewoman affright me? I have looked in the faces of many angry men, and yet have not been affrighted above measure." Along this identical street, which I have trodden so lately, he was

often seen passing to his church with difficulty, according to the graphic description in Melville's Diary:—"I saw him every day that he taught, go slowly and warily with a furring of martins round his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godly Richard Bellenden, his servant, holding up his other armpit, from the abbey to the parish church; and there, by the same Richard and another, lifted up to the pulpit, where he was obliged to lean at his first entrance; but before he had done his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was to like to ding the pulpit in blads, and fly out of it." His remains are deposited near St. Giles, and, I believe, are destitute of a monument; but none is requisite for the immortality of his fame. His noblest eulogy was pronounced by the Regent Murray, who, as he gazed upon the corpse of the intrepid Reformer, exclaimed—"Here lies one who never feared the face of man!"

The remainder of the street, which we have been pursuing, down to the precincts of Holyrood House, is called the Canongate: it was formerly the most important in the city, containing, in Catholic and monarchical times, the mansions of the priests and nobles. Scarce a vestige of its former greatness remains, except in the magnitude and loftiness of the houses, whose squalid aspect and shattered windows, bespeak the degradation of the modern inmates. A

large gloomy building on the right was formerly the residence of the Dukes of Queensferry : it is now converted into a Refuge for the Destitute ! These scenes reminded me mournfully and forcibly of the decaying palaces of Venice, and of her glory passed away !

On the left of the street, stands the Canongate church, to which I made a special pilgrimage, for the purpose of inspecting the tomb erected to the memory of the unhappy Fergusson, by his brother-poet Burns. There are notices put up in several places in the churchyard, forbidding any person from walking on the turf ; and six or seven men, who were at work, attempted to stop me from approaching the tomb ; but if they had been six or seven devils I should have persevered. The stone is very simple—a mere upright slab—on which the well-known epitaph is inscribed : the whole runs thus :—

Here lies
Robert Fergusson, Poet ;
Born Sept. 5, 1751,
Died Oct. 16, 1774.

No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust ;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way,
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust.

By special grant of the Managers
 To Robert Burns, who erected this stone,
 This burial-place is ever to remain sacred to the
 Memory of
ROBERT FERGUSSON.

To the top of the tomb-stone is affixed a board, on which the following verses, altered from Burns' own elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, are neatly painted :—

O Robbie Burns, the man, the brither,
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever,
 And hast thou crost the unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound !
 Like thee when shall we find anither,
 The world around.

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye great,
 In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
 Thou man of worth !
 And weep the sweetest Poet's fate
 E'er liv'd on earth.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

My own opinion is, that the sooner this spurious epitaph is removed the better. To say nothing of the absurdity of determining on *this* spot to "wait by the

honest turf" of a man who lies buried at Dumfries; nor of the bad taste of the concluding quotation in Latin, which Burns declared to be to him "a fountain shut up;" the addition thus rashly made is felt to be a disagreeable intrusion, reminding us of the church-wardens or workmen who erected it; when we would fain ponder only on those two youthful poets, their genius and their misfortunes. A simple memorial erected by one eminent man over the remains of another, is an object of undoubted interest; but when to the top of this is tacked on a memorial to the memorialist, something of clumsiness and complexity is introduced, which is extremely offensive. A fine man on a gallant steed is a noble sight; but let a monkey be placed on the shoulders of the man, and the whole scene becomes ludicrous. With an effort I turned away my thoughts from this profane and incongruous addition, and gazed only on the unsculptured stone—the unpretending lay—meet tribute of a generous heart to kindred and fallen genius! And who could have refused a tear to the memory of one so young and so joyous, so precocious in intellect, so premature in its decay!—Unhappy Fergusson!—He drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, at his very first entrance into life; yielding himself a prey to the temptations to which his unprotected condition and vivacity of spirit were constantly exposing him. Penury and remorse soon drove him to despair; and that

vigorous understanding which had beamed with such early promise of future splendour, was now dimmed and darkened for ever. How painful to contemplate the young poet at this mournful period of his brief and troubled career, bereaved of his mother's soothing presence, and conscious at intervals of his misery and madness! That mother, too, who had owed her support to his exertions, and who loved him with all the fervor of a mother's love, what an agonizing lot was her's, when torn from the couch of her maniac boy!—Retire we from this hallowed ground. Child of misfortune!—may thy broken spirit, cleansed from its mortal stains, find pardon and peace in Heaven!...

Holyrood House next claims our attention. I will not attempt to add one more to the numerous descriptions which have already appeared of this celebrated palace; but content myself with transcribing the sentiments which it elicited from the muse of Robert Burns:—

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Fam'd heroes! had their royal home:
 Alas! how chang'd the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race, wild-wand'ring roam!
 Tho' rigid law cries out, 'tis just!

But before I dismiss this subject I cannot refrain from expressing my astonishment that such gross impositions as Rizzio's blood, Lord Darnley's armour, &c. &c. should still be obtruded on the incredulous visitor: they interrupt and almost destroy the deep interest with which he would otherwise regard these far-famed localities—scenes of such fearful and momentous transactions. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that the citizens of Edinbro', who have displayed so refined a taste in their modern structures, should suffer the ancient palace of their kings to be desecrated by the presence of this disgraceful trumpery, without an effort to remove it.

I shall here conclude my observations upon the Old City, though I am fully aware that I have left untouched many objects of importance.

New Edinbro' is of course more remarkable for its buildings and plan than for its associations with eminent persons or events.

In the last western house on the south side of St. Andrew's Square, entering from St. David Street, DAVID HUME lived for many years, and finally died there.

In a flat of the house immediately opposite to

Hume's, on the north side of the Square, and likewise in St. David Street, Lord BROUGHAM first saw the light.

Lastly on the east side of Castle Street, a little north of George Street is the house occupied by Sir WALTER SCOTT; its number, 39, has been considered curious, inasmuch as one of its digits expresses the number of the Graces, the other that of the Muses.

Almost the whole of the New City has been built with stone from Craighleith Quarry. This quarry is worthy of a visit, not only from its great extent, but also on account of the gigantic fossil tree which has been recently discovered imbedded there. This has been removed from the position in which it was originally found; and indeed a great portion of its matrix still remains undisturbed. It stands inclined at a considerable angle from the vertical, and whether its roots are at the summit, or at the base, the learned still dispute. Mr. Nicol, by a most ingenious process of microscopic observation, has determined it to be an *Araucaria*; a tribe of plants whose habitat is now, I believe, wholly confined to Australia.

How startling to meet with these unexpected records of primeval years—these singular and convincing proofs that our lands have changed their surface and their clime!

And how wonderful to find the organization of an antediluvian stem preserved in all its freshness and intricacy down to our times! The structure of its various cells and vessels, and the exquisitely delicate reticulations exhibited by thin sections of the fossil through the lens, are seen as distinctly as those of similar sections from a modern plant; and all this after the lapse of so many thousands of years! after the shock of so many stupendous convulsions! after the whole of the vegetable substance has been withdrawn, and the present stony matter been deposited in its stead!

Through the interest of Mr. Ellis I was admitted to see Mr. Nicol's extensive and beautiful collection of fossil and recent vegetables, arranged for examination through the microscope. His method of preparing them is as follows: he cuts from the specimen to be examined a slice as thin as possible; one side of this he grinds on plate glass till the requisite smoothness is acquired; the polished side is then attached to a piece of clear glass by a transparent varnish, and when the adhesion has become firm, the other side in its turn is ground till the section is reduced to a proper degree of thinness. The last operation demands some practice and manual dexterity. For if, on the other hand the process be not carried on far enough, the result does not exhibit a simple section of the cells, but a system of two or more sections one above the other, thus creating an

appearance of undue complication ; this circumstance has given rise to numerous errors in assigning the genera of plants by a reference to their intimate structure. And if, on the other hand, the grinding is continued a single turn too long, the web-like texture of the specimen is torn and broken up, and all the labour bestowed on it is thrown away.

Some of the facts which Mr. Nicol has established by patiently and carefully examining a vast number of different plants are extremely curious. In the Pine Tribe, and also in the Araucariæ, the microscopic section displays a series of parallel and equidistant fibres, perpendicular to which are disposed rows of circular vessels or annuli ; in the former tribe these rows are invariably placed exactly under each other ; in the latter their annuli always alternate with each other. By this simple test a piece of wood can at once be pronounced to belong to one or other of these genera. The yew may be recognized by the circumstance that the spaces between the parallel fibres are occupied, not by rows of annuli, but by a set of zig-zag lines, each of which passes backwards and forwards from one to the other of the parallel fibres. The Poplar may be detected very readily by examining the section of the pith, which is always pentagonal. Of course a longitudinal section of any plant exhibits a very different appearance from the transverse section ; but I have hitherto been

speaking only of the latter. This in general appears the same, from whatever side of the stem the slice be taken, provided it be at the same distance from the pith: but Mr. Nicol has discovered one remarkable exception to this uniformity. It occurs in a *Taxodium*, where it seems that though the plan of the reticulations, if I may so speak, is symmetrical in the main stem, yet if transverse sections of a branch be taken, then those from the lower side of it exhibit a very different plan from that which sections of the upper side exhibit; the difference consisting in a much greater complication of plan. I thought these facts well worth recording.

By the kindness of the same friend who introduced me to Mr. Nicol, I was enabled to inspect the Botanical Gardens to great advantage. They were arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Mac Nab, whose valuable services still continue to improve their beauty and importance. I was surprised to find myrtles and magnolias flourishing in the open air, and enduring this exposure with perfect impunity throughout the winter. The truth is, I believe, that though their winter is longer than ours, it is by no means equally severe. Snow is very rare at Edinburgh.

I have now recorded, faithfully but capriciously the principal impressions which I received from a sojourn of exactly one fortnight in the capital of Scotland.

It was my full intention to visit Glasgow, Galashiels, Abbotsford, Melrose, &c. but the weather continued to persecute me so obstinately, that I was compelled, with reluctance, to give up schemes so promising. This circumstance may account for the very slight notice contained in this journal of Sir Walter Scott; my purpose having been to speak of him more fully when I came to Abbotsford. My disappointment, at first, was great; but I can now look back with equanimity to events, which have, perhaps, merely postponed my gratification; for, having left so many points of interest unexplored, I shall hereafter have the larger excuse for revisiting Scotland.

As I crossed the Cheviot Hills in my retreat to England, I gazed for the last time with unaffected regret on this land of mountains and of lakes. A country in which I have met with so many natural scenes of grandeur or of beauty,—with localities so hallowed by history or song,—with oft recurring instances of kindness, and even of friendship, when I was but a stranger—must needs be long and kindly remembered, and always with renewed sensations of delight. I had originally determined on passing the Winter in Rome, but was dissuaded by various arguments from leaving my native kingdom: the harvest of entertainment which I have reaped in the Highlands, joined to the course of events in the countries through which I must have passed, has long made me cease to regret the substitu-

tion of Scottish for Italian scenes. And I can now unfeignedly sympathise in these patriotic thoughts of Fergusson, with which I close my Journal.

The Arno an' the Tiber lang
 Hae run fell clear in Roman sang ;
 But save the reverence o' schools !
 They're baith but lifeless dowie pools.
 Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
 As clear as ony laumer-bead ?
 Or are their shores more sweet an' gay
 Than Fortha's haughs, or banks o' Tay ?
 Though there the herds can jink the showers
 'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bowers,
 An' blaw the reed to kittle strains
 While echo's tongue commends their pains ;
 Like ours they canna warm the heart
 Wi' simple, saft, bewitching art.
 On Leader haughs, an' Yarrow braes,
 Arcadian herds wou'd tyne their lays,
 To hear the mair melodious sounds
 That live on our poetic grounds.

F I N I S .

